

# the Tatler

& BYSTANDER

BRIDE & HOME NUMBER

MAY 1, 1957  
TWO SHILLINGS





## Tread the primrose path this spring!



The first spring sunshine catches and matches the paleness of early primroses—and that's the colour that Braemar have caught, magically, in their Morning Primrose!

Braemar's lambswools are something quite special. Apart from the wonderful colours, look at the lambswool itself—instead of the single thick strand you get in more everyday sweaters, *two* exquisitely fine strands are twisted together for greater softness, greater strength. *Extra* shaping at the shoulders gives them their beautiful fit—yet a Braemar lambswool twinset only costs about 6 gns. Look at the new Braemar colours at your favourite store tomorrow, including Foxglove Pink and Flag Blue. They're heaven!



By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen.  
Linen Drapers, Debenham & Freebody

THE NEW GENTLE LOOK...

in an afternoon dress. Made in an unusual navy and white print, it has an exceptionally becoming high waist and three-quarter sleeves. The overskirt falls softly into a tunic effect. Found in the Gainsborough Room it has that air of distinctive fashion known as

the **Debenham** touch



## Estrava

choose...

### Easier living owes a lot to 'Everglaze'

Most 'Everglaze' fabrics today are 'natural-look' fabrics with a matt or at most a gently 'lustrous' finish. But *ALL* 'Everglaze' fabrics—whatever their surface effect—have superior crease-recovery, improved 'hand', life-long good looks, longer wear and are easy to care for.

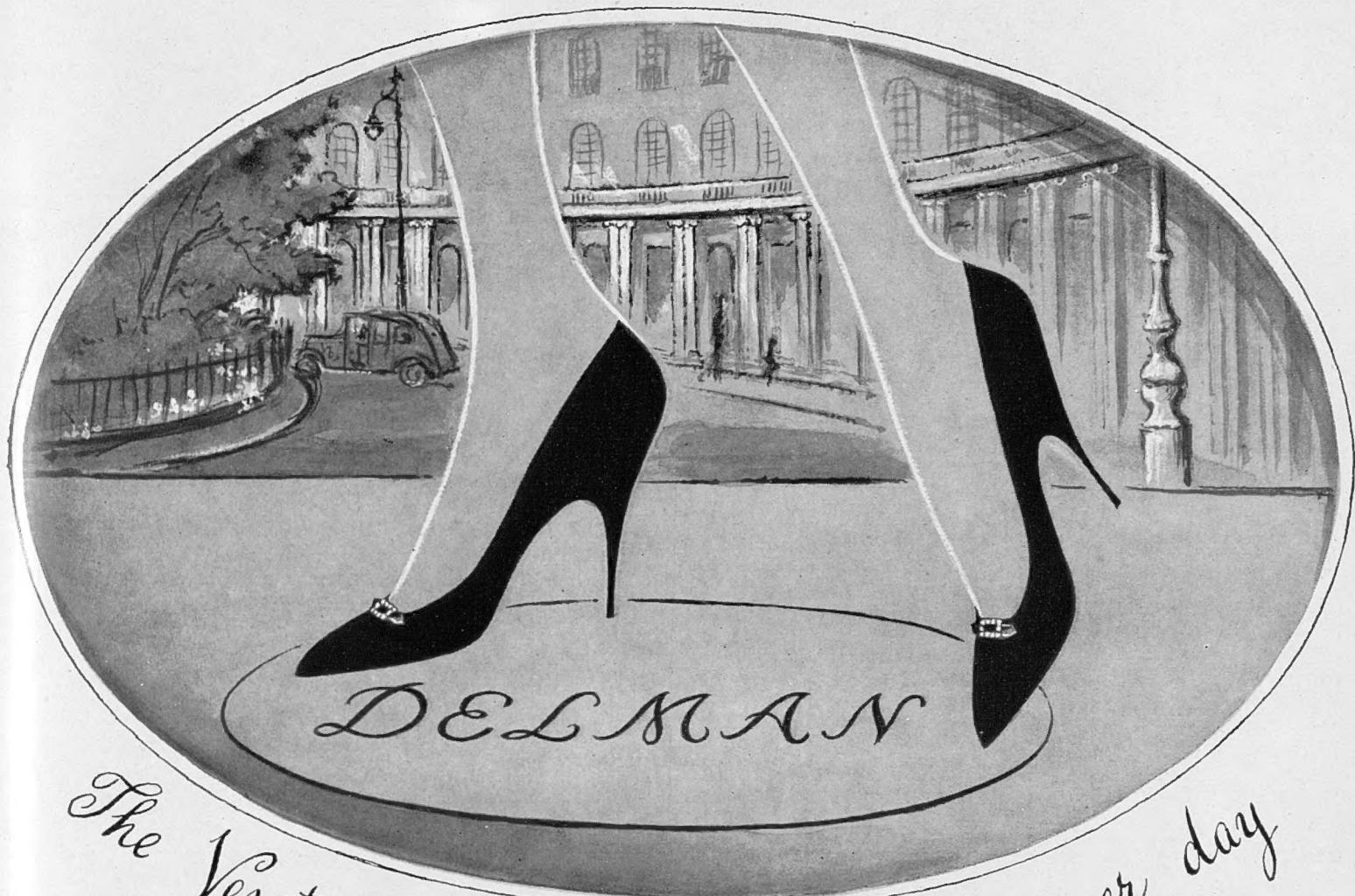
*\*A trade mark signifying fabrics (which may be glossy or matt) finished and tested by Joseph Bancroft & Sons Co, Wilmington, Del., USA, or under their authority according to processes and standards they prescribe and control.*

(Left) day/evening coat with back fullness controlled by Empire tie £4.19.6d; (right) tailored coat with side slits £4.14.6d. Both in 'Everglaze' cotton faille and in wide range of colours. Hats by Madge Chard.



easy-to-care-for **'Everglaze'**

# DELMAN



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A symphony in white satin, lace and French elastic net... a charming conceit, essentially Parisian... and so right in line for fashion.

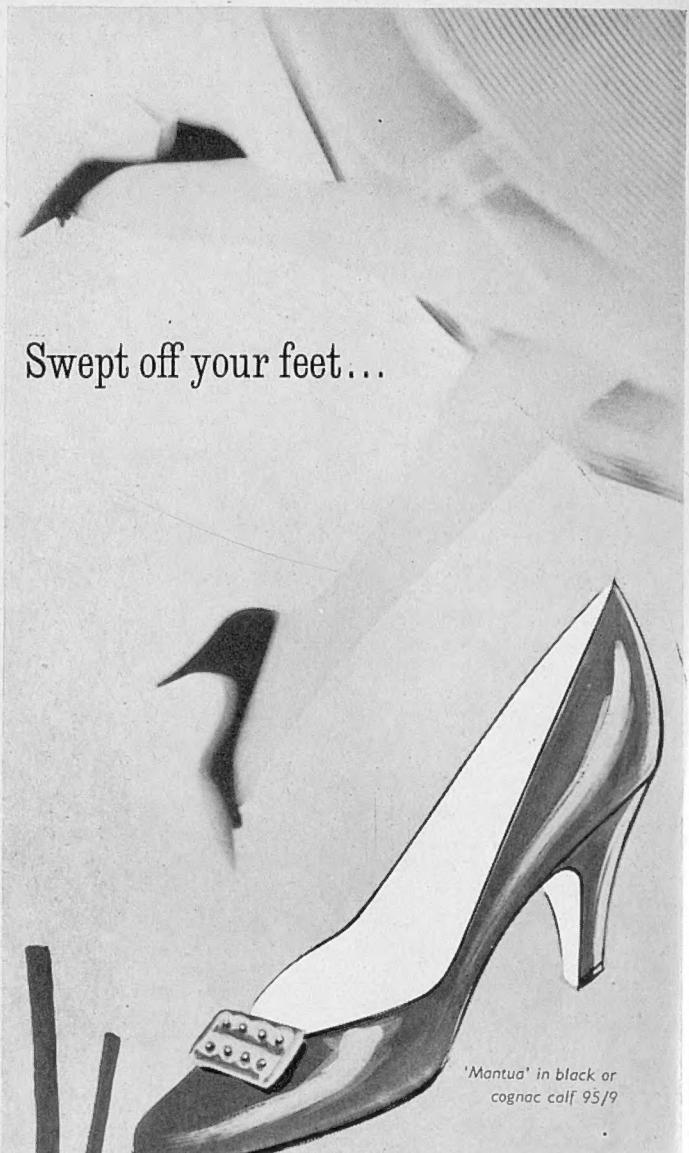
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Swept off your feet...

'Mantua' in black or cognac calf 95/9

|| Vedettes

archmoulded by **Church's**

Swept off your feet... by the most exciting shoe news in years. Vedettes... the loveliest shoes pretty feet ever courted... and never had to jilt for comfort. Vedettes... fashion without tears... softness with sophistication... relaxation with chic... all American fittings with rapier-slim support. In beautiful leathers, with leather soles too for free-breathing coolness. Vedettes... you're going to wonder how in the world you ever got on without them.

You can get Vedettes at Church's English Shoes (Babers Ltd.) 299 OXFORD STREET LONDON W.1. Church-Crawshaw, TONBRIDGE and branches; A. Jones & Sons, 143 BROMPTON ROAD LONDON S.W.3 and branches; and at other leading shops. For nearest address write Church & Co Ltd Duke Street, Northampton.

# CHARNOS

give a new twist to nylon

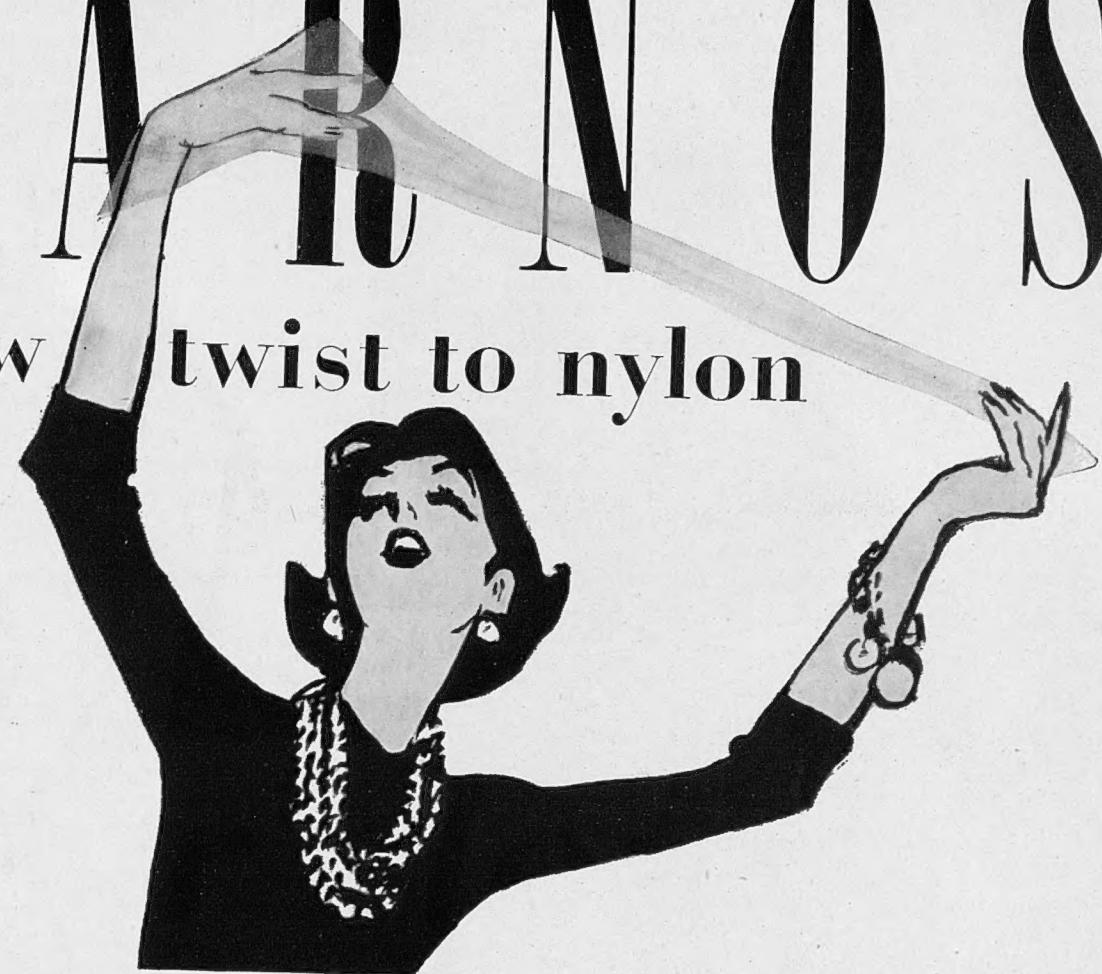
## sheer clouds

An entirely **new** kind  
of s-t-r-e-t-c-h!

All Charnos nylons are wonderful, but just wait till you've worn these new SHEER CLOUDS! So soft. So *silky*. So resilient. And less likely to *snag*. Why? Because Charnos have worked out a special way to 'twist-spin' sheer nylon so that it feels far softer—and wears better, too.

**My, how they grow!**

SHEER CLOUDS look absurdly tiny—but that's exactly why they give you such a wonderful fit. For this new 'twist-spun' nylon looks marvellously sheer and moulds itself to your leg without a sag or wrinkle. Surely that's the stocking you've always wanted? Then look out for SHEER CLOUDS. They're already in the best shops everywhere.





White lace fashioned into a beautiful bridal gown. A skirt drifting like a cloud from a classic bodice . . . neckline and sleeves edged with guipure lace. 38" hip £37 . 19 . 6.

From France—a head-dress of net petals and tiny flowers sprinkled with mother of pearl. Complete with short veil 7 gns.

**JENNERS**  
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH  
LIMITED

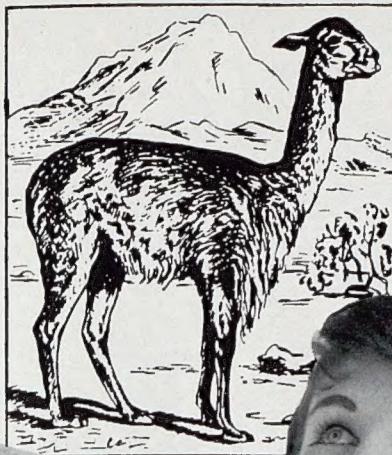
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stroke of genius . . .

Slender stem of polished cotton,  
singled out for the sophisticated.

White on coral, jade, sky, navy,  
lime, rose, burnt orange or black.  
6 gns.



**VICUÑA**, a term applied both to a distinctive variety of wool, and also to a special kind of "finish" given to certain varieties of woollen textures. Vicuña wool is the fleece obtained from the vicuña (*q.v.*), a wild relative of the llama (*q.v.*) inhabiting the mountainous districts of Chili and Peru. This type of wool is distinguished for its remarkably long, fine, soft and lustrous character for which it is greatly prized. These properties adapt it eminently for the production of woollen and worsted fabrics that require a soft and full "hand," "feel," and also the development of a "nap."

*Encyclopaedia Britannica*



Softest sweaters yet—in vicuna by *Ballantyne*

Vicuna sweaters are suppler, finer and more meltingly soft than anything you've ever touched before (kittens and cashmere included). Wear one and it's like basking in warm sunshine.

Vicuna's natural and only colouring is a lustrous, golden-brown that's a gift to

blondes, a beauty treatment for red heads and a new fashion colour for everyone.

Both sweater and cardigan by Ballantyne in bust sizes 36-42 **Each 18 gns**

Not shown: classic golfer cardigan **16½ gns**

Both are available at Harvey Nichols and Debenham & Freebody of Wigmore Street.

Sweaters: First Floor Harvey Nichols & Co Ltd of Knightsbridge and Bournemouth

**HARVEY  
NICHOLS**

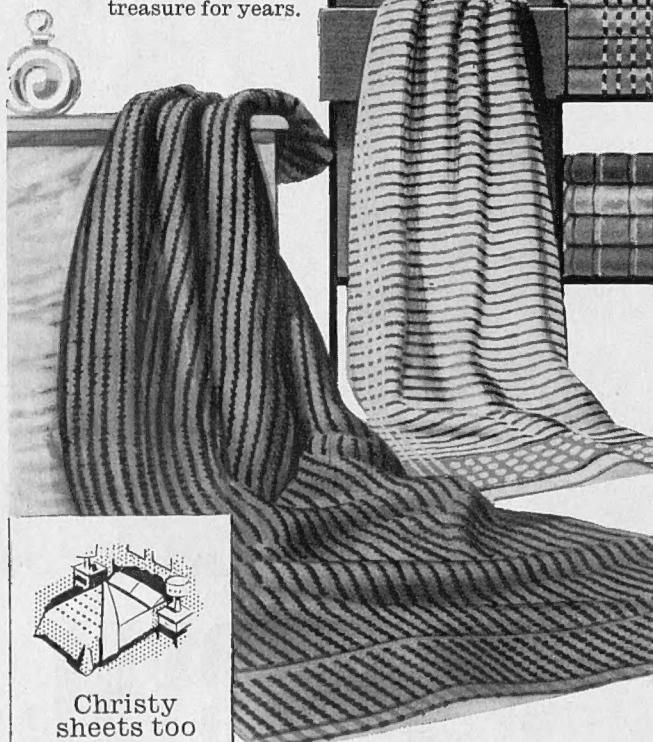
# Christy

contemporaries

clever, gay and richly absorbent

Designed with discernment to bring an up-to-the-minute brilliance to your bathroom, the newest Christy towels await you in a fanfare of colours.

They'll wrap you closely in a luxury you will treasure for years.



Christy sheets too with matching pillow cases in four qualities. White and lovely pastel shades.

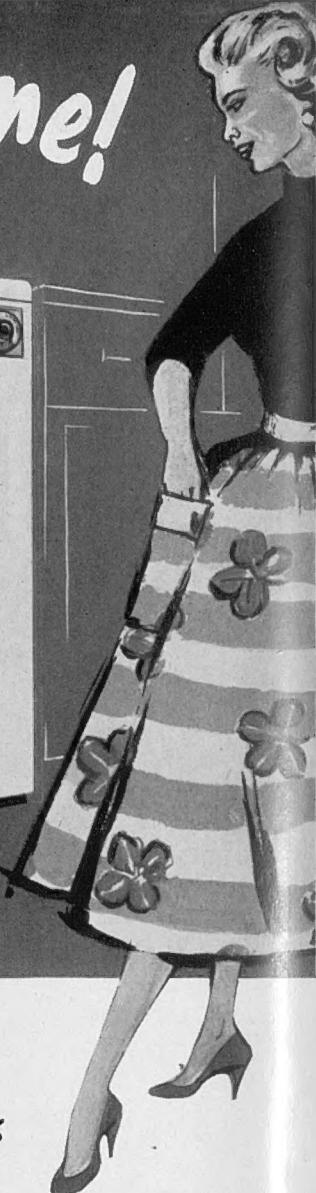


For baby's sake choose Christy Royal Turkish and Muslin Squares.

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W. M. CHRISTY & SONS LTD  
51 Mosley Street Manchester

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*I enjoy a lifetime of workless washdays*

I can complete the whole family wash in two minutes. All I have to do is put in the clothes, set the dials and add the soap. My BENDIX does all the hard work and is so economical, I save time, money and hot water.



BENDIX is simple to install; it has a flat porcelain enamel table top and fits snugly into a space of only 2 ft. square

Yes, the BENDIX soaks and washes a full 9 lb. load and rinses three times in fresh clean water each time, using in all only twelve gallons of hot water—other washers use as much water for the wash period alone. Finally, the machine spins the clothes damp dry ready for the line or dryer.

**SOAKS, WASHES, RINSES THREE TIMES, DAMP DRIES, DRAINS AND SWITCHES ITSELF OFF**

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automatically  
**THE BEST!**

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**"THREE CASTLES"**

*cost a little more*





### *A Beautiful Dress*

*for a Young Bride*

Designed by Ricci Michaels in embroidered Nylon.

24 gns.

One of our collection of lovely dresses in the Bridal Salon: Second Floor

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## *for the bride*

The bride will want Wedgwood. So for her the Manageress of the Wedgwood Room at Robinson and Cleaver is a friend indeed. She will gladly keep a list of presents the bride would like. Every piece of Wedgwood can be bought separately, so everyone, from the richest uncle to the youngest cousin, can contribute towards a complete dinner service—or whatever else is wanted. And after the wedding the bride can always add to her presents from the large stocks of many patterns at the Robinson and Cleaver Wedgwood Room.



WOODBURY in Queen's Ware. Dinnerset £15.1.8. Teaset £5.6.6 (teapot 27/11 extra). Each set for six.



IVY HOUSE on Fine Bone China. Dinnerset £31.19.0. Teaset £9.1.10 (teapot 38/11 extra). Each set for six.



EDME VASE Cream Colour. Lavender Hand Embossed Queen Ware. 10" 42/4, 8" 28/11. Lavender on Cream Vase, 10" 36/11, 8" 24

## ROBINSON & CLEAVER

THE LINEN HALL • REGENT STREET • LONDON W.1 REGENT 7: 2



### ELEGANCE IN JERSEY

*These Separates are available in Black, Charcoal, Mid Grey, Light Grey and all new Fashion Colours. Sizes 34" to 46"*

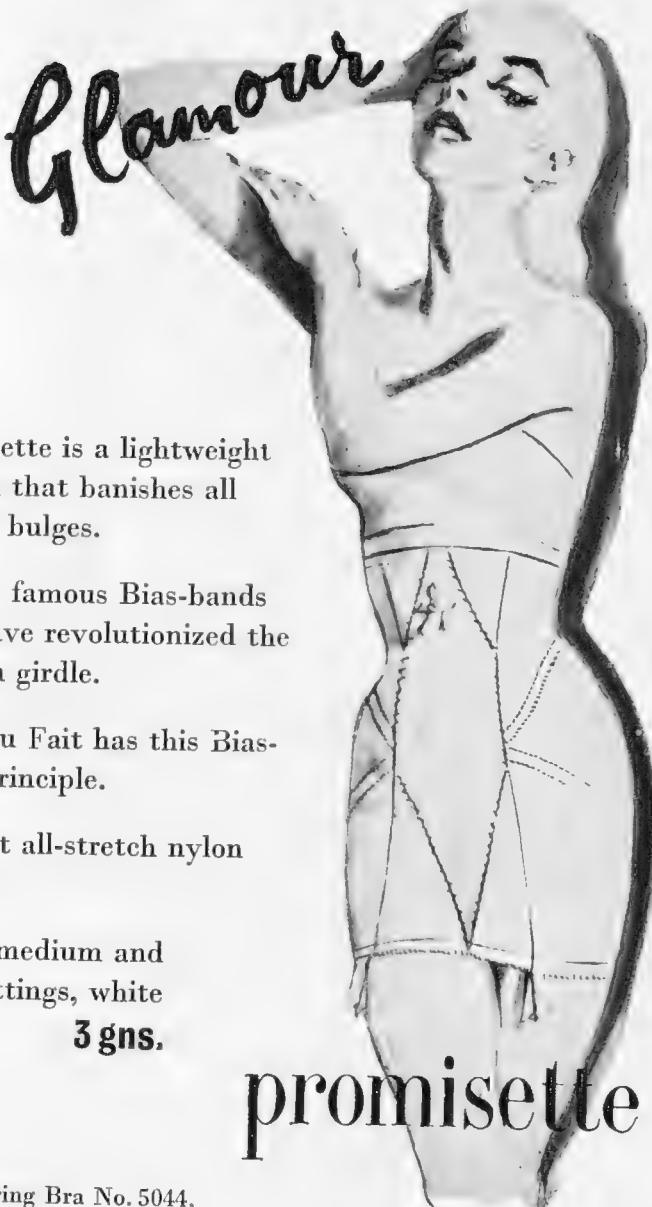
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# Au Fait's 'promisette'

*The young, slender look that dominates the Fashion scene*



'Promisette is a lightweight pull-on that banishes all midriff bulges.

See the famous Bias-bands that have revolutionized the modern girdle.

Only Au Fait has this Bias-band principle.

Interest all-stretch nylon elastic.

Small, medium and large fittings, white only. **3 gns.**

## promisette

She is wearing Bra No. 5044, sizes 32" to 42". **18/11**

All the better shops carry **Au Fait**  
Au Fait Foundations Ltd., 48 Brook Street, W.1

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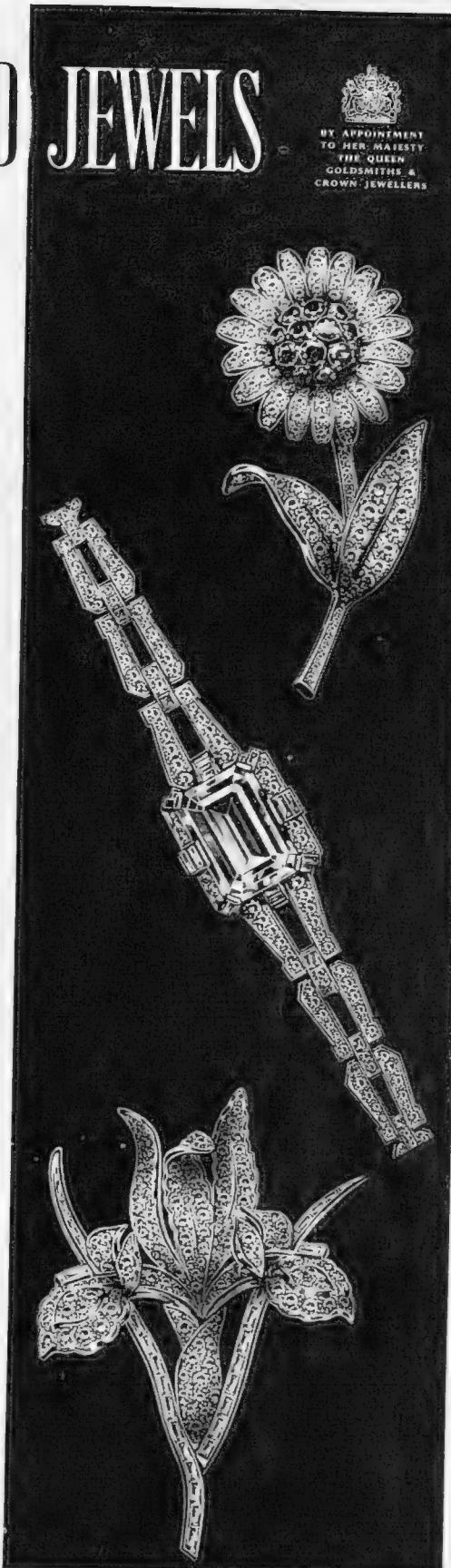
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Ruby and diamond  
Brooch £445 . . . .

Aquamarine, diamond and  
platinum Bracelet  
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# DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 1 to May 8



THIS BRIDE AND HOME number of The TATLER, with its charming cover by Degil, is designed to help a young couple set up house. There are pages of fashions for the young bride, articles on where to go for the honeymoon and on changing taste in furniture, and news of the practical and attractive ornaments and necessities which go to make a pleasantly furnished and well-run home

**May 1 (Wed.)** United Charities May Fair at Londonderry House, 11 a.m.-7 p.m.

Cocktail parties: Mrs. W. H. E. Gott and Mrs. Douglas Brett for Miss Jennifer Gott and Miss Jane Brett in London; Lady Robertson and Mrs. Davies-Cooke for Miss Fiona Robertson and Miss Philippa Davies-Cooke at the Cavalry Club.

*Il Troratore* at Sadler's Wells.

Rose Ball at Grosvenor House.

Flat racing at Newmarket (Two Thousand Guineas) and Catterick; steeplechasing at Kelso.

**May 2 (Thu.)** Cocktail party: Mrs. E. L. Spencer for her son and daughter, Mr. Nicholas Luard and Miss Elisabeth Luard, at 2 Cottesmore Gardens. Dances: Lady Churchill for her granddaughter Miss Edwina Sandys at Claridge's; Mrs. Cecil King, Mrs. John Latey and Mrs. Geoffrey Thwaites (small dance), for Miss Mary King, Miss Jill Latey and Miss Priscilla Thwaites, 6 Belgrave Square.

Chelsea Red Cross Ball, the Town Hall, Chelsea. Easter Banquet at the Mansion House.

Flat racing at Newmarket; steeplechasing at Kelso, Taunton and Woore.

**May 3 (Fri.)** Private View of the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition (open to public from May 4 to mid-August).

Gala Performance of *Giselle* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Flat racing at Newmarket (One Thousand Guineas), and Redcar.

**May 4 (Sat.)** The Queen and Prince Philip will attend the Football Association Cup Final at Wembley.

Motor Sport: International Daily Express Trophy Meeting at Silverstone.

Point to points: The Grafton Hunt at Pattishall, Towcester; the Quorn Hunt at Melton Mowbray. Flat racing at Newbury, Redcar, Lanark and Nottingham; steeplechasing at Hexham.

**May 5 (Sun.)** Opening of the polo season, Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park (every Saturday and Sunday until first Sunday in September).

**May 6 (Mon.)** Lawn Tennis: Hard Court Tournament at Hurlingham (to May 11).

Cocktail parties: Mrs. J. R. McKenzie and Mrs. George Trotter for their daughters Miss Rosemary Platt and Miss Serena Clark-Hall at 43 Chelsea Square; the Hon. Mrs. Peter Runge for Miss Julia Runge at the Hyde Park Hotel; Mrs. Roy Charnaud and Mrs. Harry Vaux for Miss Jennifer Charnaud and Miss Camilla Vaux in London.

Flat racing at Nottingham, Alexandra Park and Lanark.

**May 7 (Tue.)** Royal Dublin Society Spring Show (to May 11), Dublin. Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball at Grosvenor House.

Easter Bonnet Ball at the May Fair Hotel. Flat racing at Chester (Chester Cup).

**May 8 (Wed.)** Prince Philip will attend a Grand Night at the Inner Temple.

Cocktail parties: Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Percy Legard for Miss Sarah Legard, at the Cavalry Club; Mrs. Alister Maynard for Miss Venetia and Miss Sandra Maynard, at 20 Hyde Park Gardens Mews. Flat racing at Chester (Chester Cup).



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that's why so many women prefer sheer sheer

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MADE FOR YOU IN NORTHERN IRELAND BY AMERICA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF NYLON STOCKINGS. DISTRIBUTED BY DONBROS OF SCOTLAND.





Bassano

## The Hon. Mrs. Philip de Zulueta

THE HON. MRS. PHILIP DE ZULUETA, formerly the Hon. Marie Louise Hennessy, is the daughter of Lord Windlesham and of the late Lady Windlesham. Her husband is one of the Prime Minister's Private Secretaries, and was

previously with Sir Anthony Eden. Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. de Zulueta were married in 1955 and have a small daughter, Louise, who was born in October last year. They have an enchanting little house in Paultons Street, Chelsea



Miss Elizabeth Francis and Miss Mary Eaton were bridesmaids



Miss Sally Eaton, sister of the bride, and Mr. John Davies, the best man



## BRIDAL IN THE COUNTRY

MR. PETER PHILIPPS and his bride (above), formerly Miss Susannah Eaton, at the reception at Cobham Hall, Kent, after their wedding

The Hon. H. Philipps, Lady Milford and Lady Marion Philipps

The Hon. James and Mrs. Philipps, and Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Eaton, bride's parents



Mr. Robert Godsall, the Hon. Phyllida Browne and Miss Diana Crossman



Miss Diana Sharp, Miss Annette Binney, Mrs. Binney and Brig. Angus Binney



The Hon. Nicholas Hopkinson and Miss Fiona Munro



Miss Patricia Norman and Miss Moya Lade

Desmond O'No

## A LONDON WEDDING

MR. DAVID GOW, elder son of the late Dr. A. E. Gow and Mrs. Gow, was married to Miss Annabel Mayson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher F. Mayson



Mr. Robin Peppiatt, the best man, with Mrs. Penny Barbour, the matron of honour



Mr. Basil Hordern, Miss Anne Gow, Miss Joanna Hordern and Mrs. Hordern



The bride and bridegroom arriving at the reception at 45 Park Lane, after the wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Mr. Clive Eckert, Miss Jane Houston-Boswell and Miss Carole Eckert  
Desmond O'Neill



Mrs. J. Moylan, Mrs. Falconer, Mr. Douglas Falconer



Miss Vanya Walker-Leigh and Mr. John Whatmore



Mr. R. Whatmore, Mr. J. Robertson and Miss Isabel Kitchin

Miss Shirley Peppiatt and Mr. J. Graffey-Smith





Miss Joan Anne Ayers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ayers, of Cambridge, is to marry Mr. Christopher Cooke, younger son of Mr. Robert Cooke, Ch.M., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Cooke, of Litfield House, Bristol

Barrington Brown

## THREE ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Winifred Mary (Betty) Miskin, younger daughter of Cdr. G. S. Miskin, R.I.N. (Retd.), and Mrs. Miskin, of Talbot Woods, Bournemouth, is engaged to Mr. Peter Thomas Medhurst, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Medhurst, of Parkstone, Dorset

Miss Sandra Elizabeth Allsop, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Allsop, of Gatley, Cheshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Christopher Lloyd, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lloyd, of Hazel Grove, Cheshire



Desmond Groves

## Social Journal

# MEMORABLE PARTY

### *Jennifer*

THE Earl and Countess of Cottenham recently gave a delightful small dance in the Orchid Room at the Dorchester just before their second daughter, seventeen-year-old Lady Davina Pepys, left for a few months' finishing in Paris. It was a splendid mixture of ages as there were the younger friends of their youngest daughter, fifteen-year-old Lady Gillian Pepys, with Davina's friends and slightly older friends of their eldest daughter Lady Marye White, as well as a few contemporaries of the host and hostess.

It was an extremely gay and happy affair. This is not surprising as Lord and Lady Cottenham are such a natural and delightful couple who always entertain, in a quiet way, superbly; while their three lovely daughters radiate enjoyment and happiness which is infectious when you are with them. Lady Marye looked beautiful in green, Lady Davina (who makes her début next year, when she will, I think, be perhaps the most lovely débutante of 1958) was in pale blue, and Lady Gillian was in pale pink, all ballet length dresses. Lady Cottenham, very good looking, too, also wore a ballet length dress of black, trimmed with white ermine, and all the men wore black ties, which gave the party an informal air.

About two hundred were present. Little tables were arranged around the dance floor for guests to sit at, and others were in the adjoining Holford Room where a delicious buffet supper was served. I cannot think why more hostesses do not choose these delightful rooms for a small dance, as if they are not overcrowded they are spacious, airy and compact, and the few dances I have been to here have all been a tremendous success.

Around midnight there was a truly splendid cabaret, given by those clever dancers Syd Mallet and Janice Buxton, who were most amusing, and the well-known radio and television singer Carole Carr, who sang several popular songs, including some of the newest American hit numbers. She had just returned from Paris where she went to appear on the French television during the Royal visit.

AMONG the older guests were Lady Cottenham's brother the Marquess of Abergavenny, and his attractive wife, accompanied by their two eldest daughters Lady Anne Nevill, a débutante last year, who looked very pretty in a cream and gold organza dress, and fifteen-year-old Lady Vivienne Nevill, who was in deep pink. Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield brought their son Julian Sheffield and their second daughter Miss Diana Sheffield, who is also fifteen and was in lavender tulle. She promises to be as pretty as her eldest sister Jane, now Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, who was also at the dance with her husband. Two other young sisters I met were Miss Sally Hall, who came out last year, and her sister Diana who has now gone off to Paris with Davina Pepys and also makes her début next year. They came in a party with their parents Mr. Roger Hall, who is High Sheriff of Sussex this year, and Mrs. Hall.

The Earl and Countess of Dundee were there and her daughter Miss Hermione Faulkner, also Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beckwith-Smith and his mother Mrs. Merton Beckwith-Smith, and his sister Lady Musker. I also saw Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cazalet, the latter very pretty in pink, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Wigan and Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, whose daughter Valda was there with her fiancé Mr. Timothy Nicholson. Two other of the younger guests were Miss Sarah Wigan and Miss Patricia Wagner. The slightly older girls included Miss Joanna Calvert, Miss Vivian Walker and Miss Sarah Clifford-Turner who are all débutantes this year.

Débutantes of the past few years who were present included Miss Antonia Edmonstone, the Hon. Diana Herbert looking very attractive in yellow chiffon. Miss Jane Ducas, Miss Jennifer Burrows, and Miss Belinda Stent. There were a great number of young men who I noticed were all dancing the whole evening, and like everyone else present were thoroughly enjoying this exceptionally good party. Among them I noticed Mr. Richard Burrows, Mr. Barry Maxwell, Mr. Dennis Mountain and his brother Nicholas, Mr. Peter Kenworthy Browne and Viscount Garmoyle.

★ ★ ★

THE Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglof, the Hon. Geoffrey and Mrs. Russell, the latter looking very attractive in a black evening dress, Viscount Ednam and Mrs. Diana Daly were among the audience on the opening night of the British musical *Zuleika* at the Saville Theatre. This is a very tuneful and gay musical show that one is proud to know is a British production.



Harlip  
MISS ELIZABETH SALLY STEVENS, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Stevens, of Stroll, Yelverton, is engaged to Lt. John Thomas Grenville Bowen, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Bowen, of Belair Road, Havant, Hampshire



Pearl Freeman  
MISS ANN LIMEHOUSE, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Limehouse, of Charnwood, Bilston, Rugby, is to marry Dr. Ian Derek Simpson, son of Dr. Keith Simpson and the late Mrs. Keith Simpson, of Weymouth Street, London, W.1



Fayer  
MISS JENNIFER GREENUP, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Greenup, of College, has announced engagement to Mr. Charles Glitz, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gladitz, of Jude Ham Common, Surrey



Lenore  
MISS JENNIFER DIXON, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Dixon, of Grey Gates, Harpenden, Herts, is engaged to Mr. Struan Malcolm-Brown, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Malcolm-Brown, of Park Avenue, Harpenden, Herts

under bright coloured umbrellas, on the terrace outside the Westminster Hotel, where I stayed, were full of visitors enjoying an aperitif. As one motored along the short drive from the airport through "La Forêt" one saw that many French families had already arrived and opened up their villas, which include some of the most enchanting and picturesque in France.

Many improvements have been made in Le Touquet since last year. Firstly at the Westminster, where the new décor in the main lounge is bright and charming, new bathrooms have been added to many of the bedrooms which have also been newly decorated with great taste, and more space has been made in the restaurant. Then there is the new Hotel de la Mer which has opened right on the front; this is ideal for those wanting to use the beach and bathe; it is under the same management as the Westminster, and will be open now throughout the summer until the season in Le Touquet closes at the end of September. Adjoining this hotel is the newly rebuilt and again most charmingly decorated Casino de la Plage, where besides a big dance floor there is also a luxury air-conditioned cinema with a wide screen for CinemaScope and seating for about eight hundred.

Unlike the bigger Casino de la Forêt at Le Touquet where baccarat is played, there is no baccarat table in the Casino de la Plage, but in the lofty and airy *salle privée* with its long windows overlooking the sea, there is both *chemin de fer* and roulette, while boule is played in the more public room adjoining the dance floor. During a quick visit to Le Club de la Forêt, near the Westminster, I found Monsieur Flavio with his restaurant full, and most of the tables on the lawn outside occupied by guests enjoying an aperitif or luncheon.

DURING the afternoon I went up to the golf club where there was an amazing number of cars. I found Geoffrey, known to those who have played golf at Le Touquet for more than twenty-five years, trying to cope with competitors in the Prix Marcel Rochas and other visitors wanting a round or to put their names down for a starting time on the following day. Over at Le Manoir I found Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Stoneham who, after the last war when the Golf Hotel was destroyed by a bomb, turned this house, Le Manoir, formerly his family home, into a hotel and have run it so well ever since. They have now sold the golf course and Le Manoir and told me they were shortly giving up the management. I also saw Charles, the barman, who has been such a great personality of the Golf Hotel and Le Manoir for so many years; he was busy looking after thirsty visitors coming in from their round of golf. Among guests staying here were Mr. and Mrs.

[Continued overleaf]



S. Lambert  
MISS CAROLYN ELINOR GORMAN, younger daughter of Major J. K. Gorman and Mrs. Gorman of Co. Down, is to marry Mr. Nolly Emmanuel Zervudachi, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Zervudachi, of Lago Maggiore and Alexandria

*Zuleika*, the programme says, was suggested by Max Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson*. The book and lyrics are by James Ferman with music by Peter Tranchell, and it was originally produced a couple of years ago by a party of undergraduates at Cambridge. After much fitting and speeding up it has arrived in London with the most enchanting scenery and costumes by Osbert Lancaster, and should settle down to a nice long run. There was much applause from the audience on the first night.

★ ★ ★

THE Spanish Ambassador, the Duque de Primo de Rivera, came to a cocktail party given by Iberia Airlines of Spain to celebrate the opening of their new premises in Bond Street. As so many people from this country now take their holidays in Spain, many of them travelling by air, it is invaluable to have these offices and headquarters of information in such a central position. Mr. Fuchs-Medem, manager of this airline in the United Kingdom, and his wife received the guests who, besides His Excellency, included Mme. de Gallegos the charming Minister for Costa Rica, Mr. Roberto Reina, the Chargé d'Affaires from the Honduras Legation, Lt.-Col. William Burke, the Assistant Military Attaché at the United States Embassy, and his wife, Senor Ramon de Heredia, the Minister-Counsellor at the Spanish Embassy, and Col. Manuel Bengoechea the Air Attaché at the Embassy.

★ ★ ★

MORTON Air Services are again operating a daily service between Croydon and Le Touquet beginning on June 6. I flew over in one of their very comfortable Doves for one night of the Easter weekend and found Le Touquet bathed in sunshine and very gay. All the tables,



Mr. Hugh Peppiatt with Lady Elizabeth Stopford

Miss D. Errington, Mr. H. Pitman, Miss E. Eaton

Miss Julia Martineau and Mr. Richard Falkiner

Mr. Henry Hawker with Miss Rosemary Platt



## KNIGHTSBRIDGE PARTY

MR. AND MRS. BRYDON GILROY gave an "At Home" party at the Hyde Park Hotel for their daughter Jane, seen above with her brother Ian. Over 400 guests were present

Teddy Remington-Hobbs, the brilliant French lawyer Monsieur Gautrat and his wife, and Monsieur Favre-Gilly, Caissier Generale de la Banque de France.

Among those playing golf were Sir Frederick Handley Page, Viscount Bruce of Melbourne, Mr. George Munro Kerr, and Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H., with Mr. and Mrs. Tollenaar, they were all staying at the Westminster. Others staying in this hotel included Viscountess Bruce, Mrs. Munro Kerr, Monsieur Pharantes, stage and screen star John Mills and his authoress wife Mary Hayley Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Birley, and Major W. H. MacKenzie who came over for one night with a bachelor party including Air Marshal Sir Victor Tait (with whom he did a world tour last autumn, including a visit to the Olympics in Melbourne), Mr. Euan Hilleary, Mr. John Olliff Lee and Mr. John Slesinger.

Others of the younger guests in Le Touquet included Mr. Nicholas Akroyd and his brother Tony, pretty Miss Alicia Cooke and her fiancé Mr. Raymond Salter, Mr. David d'Ambrumenil, Mr. Frank Parsons, Capt. Trevor Dawson and his very attractive wife, Mr. Edward Hulse, Miss Verity-Ann Pilkington and Mr. Rodney Solomon. Incidentally, visitors to Le Touquet from Ireland will find an old friend as Monsieur Maurice Nayrolles, who has been at the Russell Hotel in Dublin for the past five or six years, is the new manager of the Westminster Hotel this season.

Over at the Casino de la Forêt after the Saturday night gala dinner, where all the tables were full, I met Monsieur Abecassis and his very charming wife. Monsieur Abecassis is responsible for all the improvements I have mentioned, and has done much in the past three years to bring Le Touquet back to its prewar glory. He is still going ahead with more plans for the pleasure and comfort of visitors.

After a long, enjoyable and interesting day I retired to bed at about 2 a.m. When I had thrown open my windows for the night and put out the light I suddenly realized that although it was only April there was a nightingale singing in the park opposite on this very warm, still, spring night, a delightful ending to a delightful visit. Next morning I flew home again in one of Morton's Doves, so that I could go on to Northampton for Towcester races on Easter Monday.

★ ★ ★

I HAD a most enjoyable day at Towcester. This is a small but exceedingly well run and well laid out N.H. racecourse in the most beautiful setting on land belonging to the Fermor-Hesketh family. The adjacent family seat, Easton Neston, where Lady Hesketh lives with her three young sons, lies tucked away in the trees just beyond the course. Much of the success of this little racecourse is due to the untiring energy of the very popular club secretary Lt.-Col. A. J. S. Fetherstonhaugh. Although there were many N.H. meetings all over the country on Easter Monday, fields were good (sixteen runners for the third race), falls practically non-existent, and, to the great satisfaction of the holiday crowd, several favourites won during the afternoon.

At the Whitsun meeting, as at Easter, there is racing here both on the Saturday and Monday, which is most satisfactory for holiday-makers as well as for people with house parties in the district. The winners on Easter Monday included Mr. Edward Bee's chestnut horse Bob Tailed'

Un, which has the very unusual distinction of being docked, Mr. Stanhope Joel's Stem King, and Mr. M. J. Thorne's Salmon River who, ridden by his young owner, made all the running and won the Empress Elizabeth of Austria Hunters Steeplechase. This horse is well known with the Warwickshire hounds where he has been hunted regularly.

Lady Hesketh, the very charming young widow of the late Lord Hesketh, who died in 1955, was racing and brought her three young sons, the present Lord Hesketh who is six and a half years old, and his brothers, the Hon. Robert and the Hon. John Fermor-Hesketh, who were born in 1951 and 1953. They made a wonderful picture in their white sailor suits, a dress seen all too seldom on small boys these days. Their uncle the Hon. John Fermor-Hesketh, who also takes a great interest in running this delightful little racecourse, missed the meeting as he was away in the United States on business. I met their aunts the Hon. Lady Stockdale and the Hon. Mrs. Lawson, also the Hon. David and Lady Anne Rhys who had come to see their horse Fair Simon run in the third race, and Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison just back from a trip to the West Indies and Mexico, who had two runners. They were accompanied by their daughter Mrs. Jim Windsor Lewis and her two young daughters.

MRS. AUDREY HAZLERIGG, very chic in a clerical grey suit and white beret, had a lunch party before racing at her charming house at nearby Milton. Her guests included Major Sir Rupert and the Hon. Lady Hardy who brought their twelve-year-old son Richard, and Major and Mrs. Berkeley Stafford who were staying with them at Spralton, Betty Lady Loch, Mr. Euan Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, and Sir Frederick and Lady Pascoe. I also met Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril and Lady Douglas-Pennant who were staying at nearby Sholebrooke Lodge with his father Lord Penrhyn who is a patron of the meeting, Lt.-Col. N. P. Foster, joint-Master of the Grafton hounds, Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, Mr. Charles Doughty, M.P., and Mrs. Doughty who came with Mr. and Mrs. Tres Morton, Mr. John Holbech and his attractive débutante niece Miss Anne Holbech, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Glover and their daughter Alison, Colonel Basil Jackson, Mrs. Judd with Caroline and Jamie Judd, the Hon. Anthony Montagu, Miss Francesca Fummi, Mr. Derek Hague with Mr. Geoffrey Rootes, Major "Tiddly" Lucas and Major Dermot Daly who was answering inquiries about his wife who is still laid up as the result of an accident out hunting with the Heythrop hounds this spring.

Others I saw enjoying this pleasant day's racing were Colonel and Mrs. Ivo Reid, Mr. Oliver Gilbey, Lord Cromwell, the Hon. Mrs. Harry McGowan, the Hon. Edmund and Mrs. Ironside, Colonel John Christian, Major Noel Furlong, Major Cecil Drabble, and Mr. Edward Courage, who bred and trained the third in this year's Grand National and won the last race at Towcester with Colleen's Fancy.

★ ★ ★

AFTER a full and busy morning in the office, I went down to Epsom, and arrived in time to watch the second race on the first day of the Spring Meeting. This is such a handy race meeting that many men can fit in half a day in the City as well as an afternoon's racing. The first

person I saw was the Earl of Rosebery, whose family has been closely connected with this great racecourse for many years, and who had just won the first race with his nice two-year-old filly Dobbie. He was one of the stewards at the meeting with the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Humphrey de Trafford (both of whom I saw later), and the Earl of Derby.

It was a warm and sunny afternoon and not overcrowded, so that between races, if they were not watching horses parade, members could sit on the seats on the lawn or outside the modern and roomy bar that was built in the paddock last year, for the use of members, owners and trainers. In the unsaddling enclosure I met the senior steward of the Jockey Club, Lord Howard de Walden, a very live wire, and Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort with his attractive wife. He has made a splendid start to the season already winning many good races including several for the Queen. That afternoon he saddled Tempest, owned by American Mrs. E. N. Graham (Elizabeth Arden), to win the valuable Blue Riband Trial Stakes.

As Parliament was in recess, there were more Members of Parliament racing than usual. Among them Mr. Peter Rawlinson, M.P. for Epsom, and his charming wife who I met in the paddock talking to his very popular predecessor Lord McCorquodale, who was accompanied by his daughters the Hon. Mrs. Forbes and the Hon. Prue McCorquodale. Also there were Commander Allan Noble, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and Mrs. Noble, and Commander Ronald Scott-Miller and his wife. Others racing included Major the Hon. Henry Broughton, who won the fourth event with his nice chestnut filly Butterfly Net, the Duchess of Norfolk, Major-General Sir Randle Feilden who won the second race with Aidos which was trained at Arundel, Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine who had a family party in their box, Lord Belper, Mr. Tom Blackwell, Major Charles Tremayne, the Countess of Derby, Lord Ashcombe, Lord Manton and his brother the Hon. Robert Watson, Mrs. Max Aitken, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Baring, Miss Anne Glover, and Miss Sally Hall.

★ ★ ★

TEXT week the Royal Windsor Horse Show takes place on Thursday 9, Friday 10 and Saturday 11 in the lovely setting of the Home Park at Windsor. On Friday there is a floodlit session commencing at 6.45 p.m. as well as the day's programme. Entries I hear are very good. This show, which is one of the best run in the country, always brings out the best hunters, hacks and ponies. A great attraction this year will be the appearance of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police doing a musical ride. There will also be the mounted band of the Life Guards in full dress uniform, and the band of the Royal Horse Guards.

★ ★ ★

ADY BIRD is once again chairman of the Central London Committee of the Ladies' Life-boat Guild which is organizing a Bridge Party to be held at the May Fair Hotel on May 8, in aid of the Life-boat twice. There will as usual be some wonderful prizes and raffles. Tables, which are four guineas each, can be booked from Lady Bird Life-boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1. The Easter Bonnet Ball in aid of the Family Welfare Association is, ear, to take place on May 7 at the May Fair Hotel. The Countess Listowel is President, with Mrs. W. T. Wren chairman, and Miss Sophie Parsons chairman of the young committee. There will be a baret and tombola and an Easter Bonnet competition. Tickets for the Ball from Mrs. Wren, F.W.A., Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.



## MAYFAIR COCKTAILS

MRS. R. CLYDE recently gave a cocktail party for her debutante daughter, Gail, at the home of Mrs. Jean Garland. Above: Miss Gail Clyde, Mrs. Clyde and Miss Alicia Clyde



Miss Jacqueline Ansley talking to Count P. Roberti

Mr. Anthony Raikes and Miss Sarah Clifford-Turner



A. V. Svoboda  
Miss Sarah Bowater and the Hon. Michael Morris

Mr. Michael Morse and Miss Angela Michell



Mr. Anthony Wallace-Turner, Miss Melissa Carney

Miss Fiona Sheffield and Miss Julia Williamson



Mr. George Suarez Rivias and Miss Philippa du Boulay



Miss Fleur Mein and Mr. Peter Mason



Miss Anne Colville and Mr. D. J. Serrell-Watts

Miss Suzanne Bareau and Mr. William Banbury

Mr. Richard Martineau and Miss Isabel Barclay

## A DEBUTANTE PARTY

MRS. SYDNEY MARTINEAU gave a cocktail dance for her granddaughters, Miss Julia Martineau and Miss Carol Martineau, at Bolney House. Many of this year's debutantes were among the gay young guests at this very successful party



Miss Carol Martineau and Miss Julia Martineau, for whom the party was given



Miss Tessa Milne and Mr. John Shipton



Miss Moya Lade and Mr. Peter Crafton-Atkins



Mr. Nicholas Bolton in conversation with Miss Sally Hunter, a 1957 debutante

Von Hallan



Miss Susan Coles and Mr.  
Richard Westmacott



Mr. J. Newton, Miss Jacqueline  
Ansley, Mr. J. King



Miss Victoria Porter and Miss Rosamund Lee, for  
whom the dance was given



Mr. Billy Curtis was here with Miss Sally Hunter  
and Mr. Andrew Wills



Mr. Francis Black in conversation with Miss Caroline  
Bradshaw at the dance



A. V. Swaebe  
Miss Joan Lawton with Mr.  
Peter Morris



Miss Honor Durose and Mr.  
Nicholas Grey



Miss Julia Runge and Mr.  
Billy Carbutt



Miss Susan Douglas and Mr.  
J. Montgomery-Cunningham



*A Caribbean schooner approaches Carriacou to drop stores*



*The pottery market in Trafalgar Square, Bridgetown, Barbados*



*Yachtsmen preparing to race off Barbados's Hastings coast*

# IN THE CARIBBEAN

**K. WESTCOTT JONES**, author of *"To The Polar Sunshine"* (Museum, 13s. -6d.) published this week, here writes of ideal honeymoon spots in the tropical, exciting West Indies

**I**f you are planning the one holiday of a lifetime that must be especially memorable, cast your eyes around the Antillean Chain, that scintillating crescent of gems splashed across the warm Caribbean from Cuba to the Venezuelan coast. I've recently returned from my fifth tour of the West Indies, and this time—with a new influx of limited budget visitors in mind—I looked in on a couple of eastern Caribbean islands I had not been to before, as well as spending some days on old favourites such as Barbados and Antigua.

All the islands in the chain have a few things in common—brilliant sunshine, warm sea water, palm-fringed beaches and happy lethargy. Beyond that, they differ in what they have to offer the visitor. Some are perfect retreats for the "away from it all" type, while others have developed a prosperous island-hopping tourist trade and achieve a modest degree of sophistication.

Big, bustling Trinidad, first stepping-stone of the Antilles, is a land of heat and calypso rhythm. It has night clubs and symphony concerts, carnival processions and horse racing, but not a single hotel on or near any of the lush tropical beaches. When you stay in Trinidad, it is at Port of Spain, preferably in an air-conditioned hotel, or at Piarco Airport, one of the Caribbean's busiest gateways.

Tobago, the original Robinson Crusoe island, is Trinidad's "tourist annexe." Less than fifty miles off the north coast it can be reached by overnight steamer, or twice a day by Vikings of British West Indian Airways in twenty minutes.

**A**s far as a mere bachelor can tell, Tobago must be about the world's most delightful honeymoon spot. There are more beaches than there are hotels, although five of these stand on glorious tropic strands thickly flanked by coco-palms, and if you take a stroll from your hotel to the next bay, it's odds on that your footprints will be the only ones in the sand all day.

Tobago has not learned to overcharge in the current Western Caribbean fashion as yet. The range is from 25s. a day in one of the small but clean and well-supervised inns, to £5 a day for a beach cottage for two, air conditioned, attached to the best hotel. As on all British West Indian islands, rates include meals. During the British winter period, when elderly people flock to the Caribbean sun, charges are stepped up, but at other times of the year visitors are younger, and without bottomless purses. Many American and Venezuelan couples spend their summer holidays on Tobago, and return year after year. When they reach the stage of celebrating their second honeymoon, they tend to make their West Indies trip a winter one.

Not that it matters much, climatically speaking. Only four degrees separate "winter" and "summer" on the islands at the southern extremity of the Antilles. Tobago is rather fortunate in being the only island pointed directly into the permanent north-east trade wind, so that cooling breezes flow down both coasts like the bow wave of a ship cleaving at a fair speed through the sea.

Among the eastern Caribbean islands, Barbados is by far the best developed and the easiest to reach from Britain. It calls



*Viewed from the old fortified heights is the lovely concealed anchorage of English Harbour at Antigua*

self "Little England of the West Indies," which the patchwork fields of green sugar cane and Cornish-type cliffs on the windward coast tend to justify. Here again, the temperature is more or less even throughout the year, both June and December yielding eighty-five degrees by day—which is pleasant, thanks to the constant trade winds wafting in at 10 m.p.h.

SINCE I was last in Barbados in 1953, American real-estate people have been busy turning the undeveloped region north of Bridgetown, the island capital, into a "Golden Shore" rivalling Jamaica's north coast. Some gay beach clubs have sprung up, with cocktail bars, dancing to steel bands on a coral "floor" under the stars, and superb meals served by imported staffs. Inclusive daily charges begin at £3, but they can rise to as high as £10 for peak periods.

Quieter and more sedate is the very "British" section of Barbados, with its thirty-odd hotels and guest houses strung out northwards from Bridgetown through Hastings, Worthing and on to Crane Point. Here the charges are lower, from about 7s. 6d. up to 55s. a day, but bridge on verandas under the stars is the main occupation, apart from swimming in water at a constant seventy-eight degrees off the gentlest and safest beaches in the Caribbean.

Stratocruiser airliners of B.O.A.C. link Barbados with London on a direct service via Bermuda. Leaving London Airport on Thursday evenings at 10 p.m. the planes are due at Seawell Airport, Barbados, around 9 p.m. next evening. Both first and tourist class passengers are carried, the former having the use of a downstairs bar and lounge. Barbados can also be reached by way of New York, picking up a connecting Viscount of B.W.I.A. three times a week.

The fact that French liners and Air France planes call at Barbados reminds one that two of the most colourful and vivid islands in the Antillean Chain are French—Martinique and Guadeloupe.

Martinique is known in the Caribbean as Madinina, "Queen of the Antilles." Some good hotels are to be found, and since the islands are a Department of France they reach French standards. But, strangely enough, everything shuts at ten; the nights are long and quiet.

All the British islands in the chain are, of course, in the sterling area. What you spend there does not come out of your travel allowance, but a visit to Martinique or Guadeloupe means using up some foreign currency.

First island up the Antillean Chain from Trinidad is Grenada, physically the most beautiful spot in the West Indies and certainly a contender for the "world's most attractive island" contest. This is where Twentieth Century-Fox made the film *Island In The Sun*. With only one really comfortable hotel (impossibly perched on a hill top) and one good guest house, Grenada has a long way to go to make its name as a tourist resort. At the moment it fits pleasantly into the plans of people taking island-hopping holidays, while a few artists and writers settle down there for long periods.

B.W.I.A. planes on their way up and down the Antillean Chain call at Pearls Airport, Grenada, giving a daily service, but the next island, St. Vincent, has no airstrip. You have to rely on a six-seater Grumman Goose amphibian which is often booked well ahead, or else an inter-island steamer running every six weeks, if you want to savour the charms of lovely St. Vincent.

THAT goes for Dominica, too, wildest island in the Caribbean and home of the last remnants of the Carib Indians, who live in reservations on the windward side of its mountainous bulk. At Roseau, Dominica's capital, the pace is slow and relaxed, an escapees' paradise.

Where airstrips provide landing grounds for large planes, facilities for visitors can usually be found. Not always, though; for St. Kitts is a veritable air junction yet offers tourists a solitary and most modest guest house. St. Lucia is the opposite, and it has started to cater briskly for visitors with taste who want good food and attention plus aquatic sports and some local night life. Vigie Beach has a club spread out along its three miles of palm-fringed sand.

Antigua, chief island of the Antilles, is famous for its wonderful yacht harbours. If you're ambitious, you can sail your own boat out from England—over 100 yachts came out under their own canvas last year, three of them crewed by honeymoon couples. Commander Nicholson's much publicised facilities at English Harbour are expected to bring even more next year, both from Britain and the States.



## MAY MORNING ON MAGDALEN TOWER

EVERY YEAR May Day is greeted by the choristers of Magdalen College with a Latin hymn sung on the top of Magdalen Tower, one of Oxford's most famous landmarks. One hundred and fifty people assemble before dawn, and as the sun appears above the horizon and the choir begins to sing "*Te deum patrem Colinus*," all the church bells in Oxford peal. Below, crowds in the High Street listen to the hymn and watch the Morris dancers, while the river is covered with punts and small craft. This delightful drawing by Alan Sorrell is reproduced here by courtesy of the owner, Mr. Colin Hardie

## Roundabout

### A SLUMP IN MAYHEM

**Cyril Ray**

FOR various reasons—one of them being that I was on holiday—I have been indulging in an orgy of vicarious crimes. I have been guzzling my way through a pile of novels, picking now a complicated detective-story and now a simple thriller, as a fat and greedy woman with a box of chocolates will find herself absorbed in choosing now a hard and now a soft centre.

One thing I have pleasure in reporting, now that I have come up for air and a change of diet, is that there seems to be a tendency away from murder. Long may it continue. One American novel and one English novel that I have just read were each concerned with a kidnapping. In neither was there a shot fired or a throat slashed, and in neither did a blunt instrument fall with a dull thud on the head of an unsuspecting victim in the library.

I write far away from reference books, from my own collection, and even from being able conveniently to telephone any of my learned and literary friends, so I cannot confirm my impression that less than a lifetime ago Sherlock Holmes could devote his considerable talents to detecting who nobbled a racehorse, pinched the examination papers, or sidetracked away from the Varsity match a Rugby-football Blue. But I am sure that not all his celebrated cases were concerned with murder.

For far too long, now, his successors have been blood-besattered, and yet have been not necessarily any more excitingly readable than the old master was, with nothing more of a hanging matter on his hands than a purloined portfolio.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER of the recent crime stories without a murder—without, indeed, a crime at all, if you can imagine such a thing—was by the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford. One of the more bloodthirsty ones was by a former, and recent, occupant of the Chair of Poetry at the same university. At least one other was by a fellow and tutor of an Oxford college.

What a corner Oxford is making in the production of this particular commodity! No doubt there have been Cambridge dons who have turned their pens to crime—I can think, at any rate, of one—and I think it was the Master of a Cambridge college who made out a plausible case for believing Sherlock Holmes himself to have been a Cambridge man. But Cambridge has produced no confectioner of crime so exalted, surely, as a Vice-Chancellor or a Professor of Poetry, and there is nothing like so steady an output even from the lower branches of the Cam's academic groves. It may still be that Oxford is the home of lost causes—but it must also be, by now, the receiving end of some pretty substantial royalties.

★ ★ ★

A WEEK in Bordeaux, and the claret country, was followed by a week alongside the Dordogne. Not that wine was supplanted in every respect by water, but to be the neighbour of a great river for a week was to be reminded of how big a part in holidays water, ideally, should play.

We may lose our childish pleasure in building sand castles and paddling in the sea, but how pleasant it is, at any age, to stroll idly along a river's banks, looking to see if the big fellows rise; to lean over a bridge and watch the eddies, or race sticks against one's companion's; or to throw small stones at large oceans!

Angling has been described as the most innocent of pleasures—but not, I think, by fish. Myself, I have discovered the most innocent waterside pastime of all: to throw pieces of bread to the aged carp that have lived for years in the moat of an old French château, and to watch the fat brutes sham indifference, and then



*"Ah, yes, a quite genuine early piece. They don't make 'em like that nowadays"*

wheel and snatch. No, I admit that this is hardly a pursuit you could devote a long lifetime to, but you would be surprised how much of a summer's day can be given to it, and how pleasantly.

★ ★ ★

IT was a well-to-do and civilized woman in the well-to-do and civilized city of Bordeaux who said to me, "I expect that, being a Londoner, you must have a television set?" She spoke wistfully, but her tone changed to pride and pleasurable anticipation when she said that Bordeaux had been promised a service before the end of the year.

Yes indeed, I admitted, I had a set myself, and I congratulated her on being able to look forward to a similar blessing, but wondered, all the same, that this should be to so many people the measure of material progress.

Let me not be hypocritical about this: I watch both television programmes from time to time, and have even earned a modest guinea or so by appearing myself on the television screen. But let us really suppose that the society of Moscow, for instance, here there were ten thousand television sets as long as five years ago (presenting hideously dull programmes on screens that were even then more crisply sharp than ours as to image), is more cultivated, in consequence, than that of a city such as Bordeaux? The answer is yes, then I no longer know what civilization means.

But to every country its own standards. There are peasants in the Dordogne who shave no more frequently than every Sunday and do not, that I can discover, bathe at all, but who sit down as a matter of course to a luncheon consisting of kidneys and mushrooms stewed in wine, followed by pork chops with beans and sliced tomatoes; followed by local asparagus and a vinaigrette sauce; followed by the run of their teeth at four kinds of cheese, fresh fruit and a *baba* with cream—all washed down with rough local wine from their own vineyards, and finished off with only

## OVERHEARD

*"There will always be gardens"*

There will always be gardens where somebody's fancy  
And green fingers make charms for the seasons, where old flowers  
And new never quarrel.

There will be village evenings with light long continuing  
Over the white main-road and the lanes into pastures  
And the path by the river.

Home there will ever be too, there the laughing and reading,  
All sitting down to supper, but one in the cradle,  
All in and out the garden.

These for me may deathlessly speak with clear voices  
From cottages and gardens through the cloudbanks of distance,  
With old and young voices.

—Edmund Blunden

moderately good coffee and an excellent local plum brandy. I am sure that there are fellow countrymen of mine who pity them for not being able also to enjoy "What's My Line?"

Did I write "also"? I would have been nearer the mark to have said "instead."

★ ★ ★

TO me it was news, I must confess, that the United States Army employed, in World War Two, no fewer than forty thousand carrier pigeons. What acquainted me at last with this feathered footnote to history was the news that the last thousand survivors have been sold at auction—all but fifteen "pigeon heroes" that have been found homes in American zoos.

I suppose it is reasonable enough that veterans who have flown in action (which the Americans call "combat") should be assured of a cosy old age, but I boggle a bit at the news that one of the old birds, destined now to settle down in Detroit, has been hung with medals in its time—even though it was for saving the lives of British troops that it was decorated.

Sentimentality about our dumb friends goes a bit too sickeningly far for me when it credits them with the human virtues, and rewards them with the gewgaws that humans prize. Show me a pigeon that prefers a medal to a cropful of juicy worms, and I'll show you a feathered phoney.

Humbugs of that sort deserve no better fate than the one that I saw befall a Trafalgar Square pigeon of the wartime years. (Admittedly a stay-at-home compared with the hero of Detroit—but it had braved the blitz.) An innocent-seeming schoolboy stood one evening, with his mother, holding out what was presumably maize or, possibly, peanuts, so that the birds wheeled, dived and pecked. Suddenly, there was a dart of the schoolboy's arm, a snatch of his philanthropic hand, and one of the plumpest of the pigeons was captive, beneath his coat. Boy and mother moved sedately away, and I have no doubt that the family had a tasty pigeon pie next day, off the ration.





*A drawing-room in Victorian Louis XVI style arranged in the lush manner of this hybrid period*

## MAHOGANY SANS THE VICTORIAN ASPIDISTRA

*JAMES LAVER recalls the worst excesses of Victorian furnishing arrangements, shuddering slightly as he does so, and then reminds readers that in some respects it was not a total loss*

THOSE of us who have touched our half-century can well remember that, in the days of our youth, "Victorian" was simply a term of abuse. . . . We were still too near the age to be able to do justice to it. It seemed to us insufferably stuffy. And indeed! how stuffy it was. Those heavy, ball-fringed curtains not only over the windows but over the doors, those table-cloths equally ball-fringed, the drapes over the chimney-piece, the horse-hair sofas and chairs, every available inch of the walls covered with dull paintings in elaborate gold frames, and every surface crowded with photographs. . . . No! There was no question of the stuffiness of the Victorian Era. It was a miracle that its inhabitants managed to breathe at all.

But what most revolted us, perhaps, was the stuffiness of the Victorian mind. . . . a closed room into which the winds of heaven never blew. Against new ideas the very windows of the soul seemed hermetically sealed, and Mamma was as unlikely to admit a new notion into her head as a "draught" into her drawing-room.

WE have called the pictures on the walls dull, but they were worse than that. We have only to thumb through old numbers of the *Academy Illustrated* to see what they were like: shaggy dogs gazing mournfully at the coffins of their dead masters, angelic children, with a bloom on their cheeks like that of waxed fruit, giving away their dolls to ragamuffins, the wives of fishermen or the mothers of prodigals (how little it matters which!) eternally peering out of the windows; gamblers' wives, fallen idols, stags at bay, dying children—in fact, the whole torrent of mawkish sentiment, smooth paint and anaemic flapdoodle which is almost a justification of all the eccentricities that painters have practised since.

Of course only the "upper classes" could afford the actual "hand-painted" pictures (whoever, before or since, had heard of a picture being anything but hand-painted?). The middle classes had to content themselves with reproductions in chromolithography or photogravure. A favourite subject was dogs, and Sir Edwin Landseer had acquired a considerable fortune in the process of justifying the ways of dogs to men.



*The Cosy Corner in cream, with drapery in cretonne*

Nothing divides one age from another more than its sentimentalities. We, no doubt, have our sentimentalities too, of which we are blissfully unconscious, but those of the Victorian period stick out like a sore thumb. Now that Victorian memoirs and "revelations" are beginning to be published, we realize that the people (or at least the men) of that period were by no means as goody-goody as their public utterances might lead one to suppose. Dickens carefully refrained from saying anything in his novels which might bring "a blush to the cheek of innocence," but his private life was not quite so impeccable. We know now about the "little lady" at Blackheath. Something similar might be said of many eminent Victorians. Hypocrisy, no doubt, is the tribute vice pays to virtue, but the tribute from some of them seems a little excessive.

Even the dissolute Victorians were very strong on what they called "the sanctity of the home." The mere mention of the word home seems to have thrown them into a kind of emotional swoon. They were firmly convinced that only an Englishman knew what a home was, in spite of the fact that it was an American who wrote the famous lines:

Mid pleasures and palaces  
Though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble,  
There's no place like home.

It is not that there was nothing to be said for the typical Victorian home. On the contrary there was a great deal to be said for it. It represented warmth and comfort and a shelter from the world. It was, or could be, the school of loyalty and comradeship, the academy of tact, the breeding ground of almost every virtue, the abode of love. It must have been very agreeable for the tired business man to know that, at the end of his cab or omnibus ride from the city, his slippers were awaiting him, embroidered by the hand of wife or daughter, and carefully warming before the fire. It must have been very pleasant to know that there, at least, he was king of the castle. Even nice men might rejoice in such a situation; there must be many a petty tyrant who revelled in it, far more than was agreeable to his family or good for himself.

But revolt was just round the corner. Strangely enough, it was either who first began to find the shackles of home irksome, and before long he began to take refuge in his club from the sweets of a too cloying domesticity. But the matter did not become serious until the women, the wives and daughters, for whose protection the home had been instituted, began to grow fretful. Or what, they began to ask, does the home provide? Does it provide privacy? Is there privacy in the poor man's home with or seven people herded into the same room? Is there privacy in the rich man's house with servants everywhere spying upon their masters?

Was it not a paradox that if you wanted to be private in your house you had to instruct your servants to say that you were "not at home"? One advanced reformer declared that "this little ganglion of aborted economic processes, the home, tends to a sort of social paralysis."

Well, in our day, the economic processes have maintained their triumphant advance; society has continued to advance, and the "little ganglion" in question is being gradually but effectively ironed out. Very few of us have a home in the complete Victorian sense, and perhaps we don't regret it very much. We have escaped from the stuffiness of our grandmothers' drawing-rooms, we have escaped from the endless clutter of useless objects, we have escaped from that typical Victorian symbol, the aspidistra.

But there was one thing the Victorians had which, on the whole, was better than what we have: their furniture. It was well made, comfortable, and almost indestructible. It has already outlasted the tubular steel furniture of twenty years ago. For it was of one of the best woods ever employed for the purpose, namely mahogany. It is true that it was on the heavy side, but there is no reason why this admirable material should not be used for modern furniture, less cumbersome but equally enduring. Its style could be both traditional and suitable for modern use. Indeed, such furniture is now available, and it will be surprising if this particular aspect of Victorian life does not find a welcome echo in our own day. Mahogany *sans* aspidistra might well be a motto for any young couple setting out to furnish a new home.



The dining table seats from four to eight; £28 10s. The stick-back chairs are £6 19s. 6d. each: highboard (left), £34 5s.



A corner writing table, brass inlaid, with drawer in darker mahogany tone, is £13 5s. The pad back chair is £6 12s. 6d.



Three-drawer chest (left) in veneered West African wood, £17 7s., and (right) a plain bureau which, like much of the above furniture in the new Mahogany Line by Greaves and Thomas, is reminiscent of good Regency styling, £28 10s.

## Priscilla in Paris

# EXODUS TO THE WILDWOOD

THE provinces poured into Paris for the Royal visit and quite a few villagers stopped over for Easter—to say nothing of the many British schoolboys who arrived for the holidays—but some thousands of Parisians have left for the provinces.

At Easter, more than at any other time of the year, dwellers in a great city feel an urge to leave town. The call of the great open spaces is loud even though the space available to many may be no larger than the garden plot of an outer suburb. When the urbanite becomes tired of his pavements and oil-smeared asphalt there is no holding him back. His usual pleasures are forgotten and, in a rustic mood, he longs to pick wild flowers, picnic in the woods and fish for anything from tadpoles to trout!

It is the out-of-town-visitors who, just now, are filling the cinemas and music-halls and flocking to the huge Théâtre du Châtelet where *Valses de Vienne*—music by the great Johann Strauss firm, father and son—has been revived for the third time since its long past creation, in a new, spectacular presentation by Maurice Lehmann. The second revival was “dressed” by the late Marie Laurencin in the suave pastel tints she loved.

Two players, dating from those days, are still in the present company. They are old but they have aged well and need no face lifting. They are marionettes, made of wood and actioned by clockwork, and during the finale they whirl untiringly in a boat on the Blue Danube. . . .

M. Lehmann has a deep feeling of affectionate respect and esteem for them. They are, he declares, the only small-part actors he has ever known who are never late at the theatre, who never grumble about their dressing-room and do not mind if their names are forgotten on the playbills! I saw and enjoyed one of the last rehearsals of this charming show before I, too, joined the departing throng.

HAVING saved-up, begged, borrowed, stolen and dallied with the market that is not *couleur de rose*, I filled Elegant Elizabeth's tank to the brim; a couple of stout jerricans were strapped above the bumpers on either side of the “spare,” where they could cause no harm unless rammed from behind by a steam roller that might add injury to insult by dropping live coals from its firebox.

In point of fact we were not going far on that first day, though we started the moment that Josephine's Gallic variation on the hot cross bun at breakfast had been consumed. I wanted to lunch at Meudon and find out whether the famous old restaurant of the Ermitage de Villebon still existed in the lovely wood above the little town. It was there, in the “naughty nineties” (otherwise *la belle époque* in France, that was neither so naughty nor *si belle* as people pretend) that most of the famous duels were fought. Unfortunately I lost my way and was obliged to make-do with a restaurant de Routiers when I found myself unexpectedly on a *route nationale*.

No complaints! Those Routier eating places are not to be despised. The service is rough and the table appointments are strictly utilitarian, but everything is scrupulously clean.

BRITISH and other motoring visitors to this country do not have to worry, but those of us who are domiciled in France and run cars of which the registration number terminates with the compromising “U-75” of Paris are beginning to wonder whether the republican slogan about Liberty, Equality and Fraternity is not wearing a bit thin. Six hundred and thirty *gendarmes* in Seine-et-Oise and five hundred and one (why these odd numbers?) in Seine-et-Marne are on the look-out for us over Easter.

There will also be camera cars to bear witness pictorially when we make a slip, and police traps to bounce at us from blind corners.

### ***Chapeau de P. . . . .***

- Weedy youth: “Oh doctor, I have such fearful headaches and yet I don't drink or overeat or smoke and I believe in celibacy! What can be wrong with me?”

Doctor: “Your halo is too tight.”



F. J. Goodman  
THE COMTESSE DE BOISGELIN in her house, Villa Said, Paris. Her husband, secretary to Lord Ismay at N.A.T.O., is the Marquis de Boisgelin's son

MRS. EDWARD TOMKINS, whose husband is the Information Counsellor at the British Embassy, at their apartment in the avenue Gabriel, Paris, is here pictured with her seven-month-old son, Julian





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*Dr. E. Christiansen and Mrs. John Sharpe  
by "Two Heads" by Karel Appel*

*Miss Pauline Vogelpoel, Mrs. Fay Brook, Mr. Michael Swan  
and Mrs. Y. Vogelpoel before Picasso's "Mandolin And Guitar"*

Desmond O'Neill

## NEW YORK ART AT THE TATE

OVER SEVEN HUNDRED members of the Contemporary Arts Society attended an evening party at the Tate Gallery, for the preview of the exhibition of paintings from the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum of New York

*Mr. and Mrs. Arthur  
Byron were guests*

*Mr. Alfred Broderman  
and Miss Eve Vitt*



*Maj.-Gen. Michael West and Mrs. Anthony Kinsman*

*Mr. H. J. Huizinga and Lady Melchett, two more of the  
connoisseurs at this large gathering of art lovers*



*Mr. Peter Law  
with Mrs. Law*

*Sir Charles and  
Lady Russell*



## At the Theatre

## SONG AND DANCE LARRY

Anthony Cookman

THE theatre goes on playing a game of snakes and ladders with our hopes. Only a few years ago poetry was about to put on a new look and return to the stage in a big way. Alas, Mr. Eliot was plainly seen in *The Confidential Clerk* to be marking time, and the true successor to *The Lady's Not For Burning* was unaccountably delayed while Mr. Fry fashioned a vehicle for Dame Edith Evans.

The beautiful dream faded, and gave way to another, less beautiful and even less substantial. A new hero appeared in Mr. John Osborne's *Look Back In Anger*. The fury and disgust with which he nagged at a world evidently not good enough for him, and yet not bad enough for him to do anything about it, were largely unmotivated. It was for that very reason, perhaps, that they were held to typify the attitude of youth to the drab, shabby and shoddy frustrations of the time. Some critics were so sanguine as to believe that this not very good play with its aggressively hysterical hero indicated that English playwriting was off in a new direction under a new leader. Its successor at the Royal Court lets these hopes down the ladder with something of a bump.

*The Entertainer* nevertheless may be written down as a "must" on the play list simply because it serves Sir Laurence Olivier for a *tour de force* of impersonation. He takes off a tenth-rate music hall clown filling up gaps between the appearances of the nudes with moronic and devastatingly unsuccessful turns. Archie has nothing but his rubbery, grinning effrontery to conceal his abysmal lack of talent, and he is intelligent enough to know it. And the desperately engaging acknowledgment of his unfunniness sets a sort of tattered panache on the off-colour jokes, the off-accent, the confident but unskilful bursts of tap-dancing that rattle home the turn's utter dreariness.

SIR LAURENCE reproduces the awfulness of these turns with brilliant accomplishment and devilish gusto. But between whiles he has to reckon with Archie's home life, and there he is up against the author's failure to organize all the brashly youthful things he feels about our sick society into a play.

Mr. Osborne, perhaps over-ambitiously, tries to tell the story

"THE ENTERTAINER" (Royal Court Theatre). Sir Laurence Olivier and John Osborne combine to provide the audience with a most diverting evening. Sir Laurence (below, chin on hand, gin in hand) is a flop third-rate comedian, Brenda de Banzie (left), his wife, is also partial to gin. Dorothy Tutin, his daughter, lectures him while Richard Pasco (centre), a stepson, looks on apathetically. George Relph (right, below), the old father, sleeps fitfully. Right, Sir Laurence. Drawings by Glan Williams



of the clown's relations with his father, wife and children on two levels, reaching more or less amusingly back into the past through anecdote and while doing so causing the story proper to crawl into the present until, finally, over-compression becomes necessary. The chief interest for us is watching what Sir Laurence makes of intractable material. He makes three memorable effects. One of these is Archie's leaving a shameless comic anecdote in the air under a sudden overwhelming pressure of self-disgust. Another is his powerfully histrionic creation of Archie's illusion that he is a dead man clowning pitifully for spectators as dead as himself. And the third is his breaking out of a gin-sodden stupor at the news of his son's death just to feel as a man and then to express his feeling in a clownish singing of the blues.

Mr. George Relph skilfully but vainly builds up a vague symbol of Edwardian nostalgia into a sort of Anouilh-esque character, and Miss Dorothy Tutin and Miss Brenda de Banzie lavish much good acting on characters which the author has not developed.

M. VICTOR BORGE at the Palace is a wholly unqualified "must." He is the master of the humorous *non sequitur*, which of all forms of humour I find the most irresistible. It is well enough illustrated by the old story of the man with a face like a horse who bending down in the paddock to do up his shoe lace found that an absent-minded jockey had thrown a saddle across his back. He was asked what he did, and replied indignantly: "What could I do without proper training. I came in fourth."

Mr. Borge is never long out of touch with this kind of absurdity. He chooses to play Chopin's Minute Waltz because it was taught to him by his sister but stops midway through when he remembers that after all she was only a half sister. But then he is always interrupting himself, and most of his interruptions seem to me to come off with the force of an epigram. And his historical anecdotes about musicians are deliciously insane, but they are told with such extreme gravity that we hardly notice that we are being invited to take leave of our senses in order to relish their smooth irrelevancies.





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*Fenella Maguire as Bubba "the girl next door," and Kenneth Warren as Roo, one of two friends, the sugar-cane cutters, who spend the lay-off season with two Melbourne barmaids*



## IMPORTED FROM DOWN UNDER

THE AUSTRALIAN play "Summer Of The Seventeenth Doll," presented in London by Sir Laurence Olivier, was due to open at the New Theatre last night. Above: June Jago as Olive, a Melbourne barmaid whose life centres round her lover, Roo

*Photographs by Angus McBean*



*Ethel Gabriel as Emmy, Ray Lawler as Barny, and Richard Pratt as Johnny, who has become the cane-cutters' leader after having ousted Roo from this coveted position*

*Right: Ray Lawler, author and leading man, is the first Australian dramatist to bring an Australian play with an all-Australian cast of actors to play in this country*





*Lt.-Col. W. H. Bromley Davenport and Mrs. Davenport in the panelled library*

## AN ENGLISH HOME OF GREAT CHARACTER

*Capesthorne Hall, the home of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. H. Bromley Davenport, throws its doors open to the public, who thus may see the treasures contained within this fine example of Victorian construction*



*The superb pair of Milanese gates, c. 1750*

A FINE old home in the true English tradition is Capesthorne Hall, the Cheshire residence of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. H. Bromley Davenport. Standing back from the road on rising ground, crocketed and pinnacled, its Victorian blending of brick and stone is a challenge to the stylist, who often surrenders to its indubitable charm. Originally a three-storeyed Palladian building by John Wood, it was enlarged and modified out of easy recognition by Edward Blore. He lengthened the entrance front to 150 yards and thought up the Jacobean touches of turrets, gables and mullioned windows. Much of the conglomeration was wiped out by a fire in 1861, the entire central block being destroyed. A local architect rebuilt Capesthorne, adhering strictly to the previous plan, though turning the three storeys into two with attics. This then—a sort of modified Jacobean construction—is the edifice today.

Inside, the rooms are large, airy and most attractively and interestingly furnished. Particularly so is the fine American Room. A large copy of Edward Savage's oil canvas of Washington hangs over the fireplace, appropriate eighteenth-century chairs, desk, bookcase and furnishings give verisimilitude to the reconstruction of an American Colonial room. Outside, and through the magnificent wrought-iron gates, the gardens stretch in glory, typifying the English love of horticulture allied to an imposing house



*The elegant state drawing room*



*The flagged entrance*



long and imposing main front of Capesthorne Hall

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all  
The Royal bedroom with its fine portraits



The quaint and interesting sculpture gallery



The American Room in Colonial style



The nicely proportioned drawing-room  
Cyril Lindley



Furniture by G-Plan for use with Pamphonic equipment. Above, a cabinet in walnut brown wood, black lacquer and brass fittings. Right, two "Librenzas," or room dividers, fitted with high-fidelity units and having record storage



By Robert Tredinnick

## HIGH FIDELITY ENRICHES THE HOME

AT the turn of the century recorded sound was reproduced through a metal horn, and for quite a number of years thereafter some variation of the metal horn was used for this purpose. When broadcasting was introduced the loud speaker made its appearance in the home in the same way, and with similar effect, as the metal horn had done twenty years previously. The first important link up between these two forms of home entertainers was the radio-gramophone, a definite challenge to the old type gramophone and radio set.

Prior to World War Two our own radio and gramophone technicians were responsible for the best systems for the transmission and reproduction of sound and vision in the world, but from the early autumn of 1939 until 1946 their inventiveness was concentrated upon furthering the war effort.

With the first signs of conditions returning to normal the Decca Company launched their Full Frequency Range Recording system which very rightly paved the way for the launching of High Fidelity. It would be quite wrong, however, to assume that none of the other gramophone companies had anything on the

stocks to compare with Decca's F.F.R.R. In the same way it would be entirely unfair to overlook the pre-1947 service and experiments in High Fidelity carried out by Leak.

Practically simultaneously with the introduction of High Fidelity the people of this country became television conscious, and this has resulted in the commercialization of High Fidelity in the United States with far greater effect than in this, the country of its origin. Now the TV mania is wearing off, far greater attention is being paid to the reproduction of sound in the home which, of course, means to High Fidelity.

THE Victorians enjoyed and accepted entertainment in the home as something preferable to anything outside it, but from the beginning of this century until TV made its mark the tendency for home entertainment was, on the whole, confined to the few. The place where once the piano of Victorian times stood was taken up by the radio-gramophone, radio set and/or TV set; the difference being that the piano, grand or upright usually fitted in to the general decorative scheme of the home, whilst, as a rule, the modern home entertainers didn't.

In the past we have been content to accept the mass produced radio set, radio-gramophone or TV set as the best that is available in its own particular function. Now with the introduction of High Fidelity the spotlight is switched, quite rightly, on to the component parts, and we are becoming highly selective as to the type of speaker, amplification, gramophone record motor, and so on that make up our sound and TV reproduction equipment. And as this interest in things technical has been created, so too is there more and more concern as to suitable housing for them.

The house-proud are no longer content to accept the mass produced job as a matter of course, and there is a growing demand for something that will both effectively and efficiently fit into the general decorative scheme of the home.



This Chippendale style cabinet containing High Fidelity equipment comes from the fine range of Period High Fidelity Ltd. This cabinet has a separate speaker in the same style

PAMPHONIC recently launched the first self-effacing, all-in-keeping High Fidelity equipment for the average modern home in conjunction with a firm of furniture manufacturers, an innovation put on the market to fill a long felt need, designed in a practical straightforward modern manner that bears little or no mark of the mass produced.

Should you wish your High Fidelity sets to match any period furniture you possess, then I unhesitatingly commend to your attention Period High Fidelity, a firm which now offers TV, radio and radio-gramophone, the first *three in one* equipment with separate matching speaker to be marketed commercially. Period High Fidelity will in fact produce exclusive designs virtually created to tally with your own specifications and requirements.

## At the Pictures

# SCALES OF JUSTICE

### Elsbeth Grant

TAKE an American criminal court where an eighteen-year-old is on trial for the murder of his father: let a judge, wilting from boredom, instruct the jury as to their duty—then follow the jurors into the room where they are to be locked away until they arrive at a unanimous verdict, and study their individual reactions to responsibility in a matter of life or death. What have you got? You have *Twelve Angry Men*—but have you a movie?

In the strictest sense, no: a movie should *move*. Here, with the entire action contained in a single set, there is no movement to speak of—there is only argument. The piece is good theatre rather than good cinema—but it is so excellently written and acted, and Mr. Sidney Lumet, directing, has made such skilful use of the camera in the confined space at his disposal, that I do urge you to see it.

As the jurors take their places at the long table in the jury room, the foreman (Mr. Martin Balsam) seems confident of an early agreement among them upon a verdict of "Guilty." The evidence against the youth—a slum-boy with a bad record—is damning. An old man, living in a room below the one where the murder was committed, has sworn that he heard the boy quarrelling with his father and that when he went to his door, fifteen seconds after there had been a heavy thud on the floor above, he saw the boy rushing downstairs in a panic.

A WOMAN living on the other side of the elevated railway track has testified under oath that from her bedroom window she actually saw the youth stab his father in the room opposite. A hopkeeper has positively identified the murder weapon as a knife sold by him to the youth on the same day.

On this evidence, and swayed by personal reasons and prejudices that are gradually revealed, eleven of the jurors are prepared to declare the accused guilty and to send him to the electric chair. The twelfth man, Mr. Henry Fonda, is not: to his mind, reasonable doubt exists. For instance, the knife has been positively described as unique but it is not: he produces an identical one to prove his point.

"So what?" asks Mr. Jack Warden, who is burning to be off to baseball game. "So you still can't doubt the sworn evidence of an eye-witness." But can't you? Patiently Mr. Fonda resists. Details never discussed in court are brought up and examined: Mr. Joseph Sweeney, giving a remarkable performance as the least juror, sides with Mr. Fonda. Tempers begin to run high. Mr. E. G. Marshall, an upright man who sincerely believes the youth guilty, is disgusted at the venom with which Mr. Lee J. Cobb, a father whose own son hates him, insists that the boy deserves to die. A slum-born juror, Mr. Jack Klugman, is incensed at Mr. Ed Begley's stiff-necked contention that all slum dwellers are scum.

Nothing diverts Mr. Fonda, the tired-eyed crusader, from his purpose—to make his fellow-jurors admit the existence of the "reasonable doubt" which, they have been instructed, would justify a verdict of "Not Guilty." Whether or not he succeeds, you must see for yourself. Bearing in mind that if he fails the case will be re-tried by another jury which may not contain one such good man and true, you will find it enthralling.

JUST to demonstrate that the French can be old-fashioned, we have *Cut Throat*. The little son of a well-known doctor (M. Jean Servais) is kidnapped. A ransom of five million francs is demanded and a warning given that if the cops are told the boy will be killed.

The doctor recalls that he once earned the undying gratitude of a gangster (M. Jean Chevrier) by removing a bullet from his bosom—so naturally he persuades this gentleman to rally the underworld and rescue the child. Forgive me if I yawn. I have been here before—many a time.



Karsh

LAUREN BACALL uses her attractive individuality to good effect in *Designing Woman*, in which she plays a top fashion designer who marries a New York sports writer (Gregory Peck) after a whirlwind courtship. There follows a clash of taste and temperament, brought to a pleasing climax by romantic complications

### Book Reviews

## BRIGHT YOUNG DAYS



Pamela Chandler

MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER FRERE in their home in Albany, with their daughter Elizabeth who was presented in April, and their younger son Harry. Mr. Frere is the chairman of Heinemann's, and his wife is the daughter of Edgar Wallace

"LORD RIBBLESDALE," an illustration taken from "John Singer Sargent" (Cresset Press, 30s.), an engrossing biography by Charles Merrill Mount of the man whose portraits illumine a whole era



WHAT accounts, I do wonder, for this revival of interest in the twenties? Why has that decade sailed into fashion? If you share the craze, here's the stuff you want—**The Twenties**, by John Montgomery (George Allen and Unwin, 25s.). "An Informal Social History" is the book's sub-title; and emblematic objects—a cloche hat, a gramophone with a horn, an open motor car like a bath on wheels, a lady brandishing a cocktail, and a Charleston-ing couple—are on the jacket. The author has done terrific research, and presents his material well and clearly.

The years covered are 1918 to 1930. We open with Armistice Night and close with "The Depression." The Peace Treaty and its aftermath, the international scene and the political home front are pictured and, where necessary, diagnosed—or possibly one should say, post-mortemed. Large sections of the book are, however, devoted to lighter subjects, of the kind which give colour to daily life—sport, the theatre, motoring, the movies, aeronautics and speed-racing, literature, crime and the Bright Young Things. Wembley Exhibition, the Irish troubles and the General Strike have, deservedly, chapters to themselves—and another goes to the Royal Family: King George V and Queen Mary, the then Prince of Wales and the birth of the Duke of York's first daughter, Elizabeth.

*The Twenties*, the author says in his foreword, "is intended to appeal both to readers who do not remember the period and those who seek a nostalgic reminder."

MYSELF, with deference, I think the book likely to do better with the first group than with the second. True, the names and events in these pages do ring bells, but I don't feel Mr. Montgomery has quite got the *inside* feel of the thing. To judge by his agreeable photograph, how should he?—alive he may just have been in the 1920s, but how conscious? Some of the judgments he proffers, and his generalizations, cannot but seem slightly out of the true to those who do remember the 1920s. One could wish he had stuck to facts, made fewer deductions. Though he does the twenties proud, I hasten to say.

Those of us who were in *our* twenties in the Twenties did rather more, I suppose, take the thing for granted. I remember nobody brandishing a cocktail. It was gratifying to hear our mild good-timing described as "postwar recklessness" by our elders. As for "the spirit of the age" I believe that to have been not so much *reflected* (see Mr. Montgomery) as invented by the early Noël Coward, Michael Arlen and—late entrant to the scene—Evelyn Waugh. The 1920s, thanks to brilliant artists, received a build-up while they were going on; now, they are getting a bigger one retrospectively. Sedulously, we lived up, as far as possible, to the dashing types put out by Coward and Arlen: but for those two, we'd have gone on muddling along much as young people do in any decade.

SUNDAY papers—as Mr. Montgomery points out—also contributed much to the hectic vision. Exhilarating, however, as it was to be stigmatized as the New Generation, in our heart we had to muffle a certain doubt: is not *each* generation, in turn, new? Today's parents—by now, indeed, grandparents—who were young in the Twenties should take reputed rocking-and-rolling orgies, and other much-written-up spasms of the mid-1950s, with a grain of salt, and indeed more.

It would be, however, unfair distortion to suggest that Mr. Montgomery's *The Twenties* exclusively centres on goings-on. His book is, in the main, an attempt to set the 1920s (as a whole) into perspective. He is fascinated by the period, and shows it. And let us gladly remember famous men—women, practically



Mark Gerson  
ERIC AMBLER, author of such famous thrillers as "The Mask Of Demetrios," also writes screenplays. His craftsmanship is evident in the film, "Yangtse Incident"

no children, and cartoon personalities—such as Suzanne Lenglen, Ramsay Macdonald, Pip, Squeak and Wilfred, Jack Hobbs, Malcolm Campbell, Henry Segrave, Marie Stopes, Alan Cobham, Aimee Semple McPherson, Steve Donoghue, Ethel M. Dell, George Grossmith, Alice Delysia. . . . The list is impressive, endless.

And, as might be expected, high points in *The Twenties* are the illustrations. Photographs are supplemented by *Punch* drawings, and (I think best of all) the 1920s' advertisements. Back we go, into a world of Eton crops, Oxford bags. Neo-Tudor suburban housing may draw a shudder (though we've had as bad, and worse, since), "fascinating lingerie" an austere smile.

★ ★ ★

GERALD HANLEY, author of **Without Love** (Collins, 13s. 6d.), has been singled out by Ernest Hemingway as "the foremost of the rising generation of English novelists." This fourth novel of his is swift, grim, absorbing—story of a killer, on the run not from human authority, but from God. Michael Brennan, a renegade London-Irishman, has been sent to Barcelona to "execute" a traitor to a nihilistic world organization.

He is being watched by his superior in the organization, to see that his assignment is carried out. All men's hands are against Brennan, whose back-history shows his own life to be forfeit many times over. Two women who love him, his sister Una and his mistress Lola, drive him only to further desperation by their love. He is convulsed by a crisis of the soul.

Barcelona is the scene throughout. Una, sent by her family to bring Brennan home, is side-tracked by her own interest in a kindly police agent. The build of the plot, with conspiracy and counter-conspiracy, is complex. Mr. Hanley, who writes really superbly, induces in the reader one sort of inferiority complex: one feels ashamed of having suffered so little. *Without Love* cannot have been intended to be enjoyable. It is not enjoyable—but it rivets one as the book is read, and haunts one later.

—Elizabeth Bowen



GILLIAN BAXTER, aged eighteen years, has written "Jump For The Stars" (Evans, 10s. 6d.), a work in fictional form for boys and girls which is shortly to be published



## THE SUBTLE ART OF POTTERY

THE art of ceramics is lucidly explained in "Pottery Making And Decorating" (Studio, 25s.). Left, a teapot starting to take shape under an expert hand



An impressed Wedgwood tea-caddy, four and a half inches high, made in a fine cream-ware body, dated 1780. It bears a printed pastoral theme. It also is from "Pottery Making And Decorating"





Michel Molinare

# Wedding Lines

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

FROM the Paris collections come two enchanting wedding dresses. Left: Christian Dior's dress in white organdie and lace, delicately embroidered and threaded with ribbon, has a brief frilled caraco top and tight bodice. The deep frills of the skirt cascade to form a long train. The long cobweb-fine veil is also lace trimmed. Above: Pierre Balmain's sophisticated wedding dress in ivory white satin and lace. The skirt swirls out to form a wide circular train. The bodice ties at the front and has a fine lace hood



## BRIDAL ROSES

A WEDDING DRESS (left) by Norman Hartnell, designed to flatter the traditional English beauty. It is in rose pink tulle and lace heavily encrusted with pearls and has a simple bodice and long tight sleeves. The skirt is enormously full and flows out at the back to form a long train, while the headdress is a circle of pink pearls with a waist length veil. The crinoline style bridesmaid dress (right) is rose pink tulle has a sweetheart neckline entwined with ropes of pearls; this repeated round the hips. These pictures were taken in the newly designed flat of interior decorator Michael Kent.



Michel Molinare



LEFT: A pretty new nightgown with an old-fashioned air. Made by Keystone in crisp white lawn, it has a chemise top bodice and deep frilled hem of broderie anglaise hand-threaded with pink ribbon. It costs 29s. 11d., available from leading London stores from end of May. Below: Norman Hartnell's rose pink chiffon negligee has a soft floating skirt and a bodice fastened by tiny pearls. The collar and cuffs are luxuriously swathed in soft pink fox fur

## Trousseau treasures . . .





ABOVE: This full-length nightdress in filmy Swiss blue bird nylon is by Kayser Bondor. The bodice is embroidered with tiny flowers, and transparent petal-like bands of material are taken from below the bust to form wide shoulder straps. It is priced at 55s. and is obtainable from Selfridges and Plummer Roddis

## ... for glamorous nights

RIGHT: Also by Kayser Bondor, this enchanting and ethereal waltz length nightdress is in iridescent nylon shaded to rainbow colours. The slim waist is accentuated by wide smocking. This comes from the Seashell Range and costs 79s. 11d. at Dickins & Jones, Plummer Roddis—all branches



## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

WITHOUT its matching jacket, the slim-fitting dress can be worn for cocktails (right). It has cross panels under the bust and a gently rounded neck outlined in navy and white spotted silk to match the jacket lining; it has the new brief short sleeves

LUGGAGE for the journey, smart and durable: creamy white super-light air luggage by Revelation, spongeable. The suitcase costs £9 15s., the Rev-Robe, ideal for carrying dresses and suits, £10 19s. 6d., and the small and practical train case, £5 5s. All from Harvey Nichols



## SETTING OFF ON THE HONEYMOON

CRISP and fresh for travelling, the light dress and jacket of navy wool crepe (right) is a perfect going-away outfit. The neat edge-to-edge jacket is lined with navy and white spotted silk. The charming deep crowned hat with a wide shady brim in Baku straw costs £20, the navy calf bag, 11 gns., white gloves 59s. 6d. The dress and jacket costs 35 gns. and comes with all accessories from Harvey Nichols



# *A trousseau de luxe for this year's bride*

*ON her honeymoon the young bride must have the delightful feeling of starting her married life with everything new. Apart from clothes, beautiful luggage and long-lasting accessories play an important part in her trousseau and will be valued possessions when she and her husband set up house*

—JEAN CLELAND



"Mayfair" bag in mohair and Luxan, lined with moire silk, £11 17s. 6d.; in mohair and calf, £13 7s. 6d. Finnigans



This set of Royal Worcester coffee cups in a fitted case makes an excellent wedding present and costs £16 10s. from Asprey & Co., Ltd.



## *New designs for new homes*

*WHETHER a young couple decide to furnish their home with antique or contemporary furniture, there is a wide and imaginative selection of well-designed and attractive household utensils and necessities now obtainable in the shops*

Fast colour print with a ballet theme, costing 17s. 11d. a yard, and an easy to push tea trolley, price £14 17s. 6d., obtainable from Hampton & Sons, Ltd.



Six napkins, embroidered tea set and matching trolley cloths, embroidered sheet and pillow cases, two guest towels, two glass cloths, £10 10s. the set. From Debenham & Freebody

This pigskin beauty case holds everything for the smart woman's toilette; the trays all fit compactly into the case. This useful and luxurious piece of luggage costs £108 10s. and is obtainable from Asprey & Co.



Fast colour cotton print with a convivial motif, £1 11s. a yard, cocktail tray, £3 15s., matching plate mat, 12s. 11d., glass mat, 8s. 6d. Hampton and Sons



Fast colour cotton print, 10s. 6d. a yard, and weighing machine with lighted scale, £4 2s. 5d. from Hamptons, bathroom accessories from Marshall and Snelgrove

Dennis Smith

# Kitchens trim



Left: Warwick De La Rue gas cooker with five burners and eye-level grill, £77; double sink unit, 84 in. by 21 in. by 39 in., £92 10s. (taps extra, £6 15s.); three compartment wall cabinet, £22 17s. 6d.; two drawer cabinet with two cupboards, £37 16s. 6d.; table, £15 19s. 9d.; chairs, £6 19s. 6d. each; settee, £9 9s.; drainer, £1 5s. 6d.; English Electric mixer, £28 18s. 8d.; Smith's Timer, £1 15s. 7d. May be bought from Harrods

Below: English Electric cooker, with eye-level oven and grill, fully automatic, with time control. Bottom chamber is subdivided into two sections; top, an independent warming compartment, and bottom, storage space 25 in. square. This cooker is remarkably easy to clean, while among the special features are the timer and the large oven size. Its price is £70. The Dandy saucepans have coloured plastic handles; the egg poacher, £2 7s. 10d., the stewpan, £1 14s., and the lipped saucepan, 19s. 2d. Happymaid vegetable rack, £1 14s. 11d. All obtainable at Harrods



Left: Unusual and distinctive tiles from the Scottish Craft Centre, Edinburgh. Top: Robert Stewart, 5s. 3d. Left: Margaret Stewart, 5s. 3d. Bottom: Robert Stewart, 17s. 3d.

Below: Fast colour cotton print called "Shepherd's Market" suitable for breakfast room or kitchenette or dinette, 10s. 6d. a yard. Saucepans in Jetware porcelain enamel in bright colours, clean, heat-resisting, with plastic handles. In four sizes from £1 13s. 6d. to £2 8s. 4d., or a pack of three sizes in harlequin colours, £5 18s. 3d. the set. Hampton



# as an aircraft

Right: Nevastane dinette, comprising the base in foreground, 48 in. by 21 in. by 36 in., £53 15s. 6d. Three shelves with support, £38 17s. 6d.; table, 48 in. by 24 in., £14 12s. 10d.; settee, £7 a foot; corner fitments, £25 2s. 6d.; quadrant shelves, £1 19s. 6d. each; Roberts radio (battery set only), £16 10s., which can be had in various colours; pleasing Swedish scoop bowl, £6 10s. All may be obtained from Harrods, Knightsbridge

Below: Nevastane kitchen. L-shaped unit, £86 16s. 6d.; Majestic table, £13 13s.; chairs, £4 2s. 3d. each; mixer, £18 2s. 7d.; vegetable rack, £2 9s. 6d.; Colorama pan set, £10 10s.; coffee percolator, £1 15s. 3d.; weighing machine, £2 5s.; "Westclox" clock, £3 7s. 6d.; broom cupboard, £34 12s. 6d.; top cupboard, £13 6s.; corner table cabinet, £49 10s. 6d.; sink unit, £57 9s. 6d. (taps, £3 7s. 9d.); single wall cabinet, £13 6s.; double wall cabinets, £19 13s. each; quadrant shelves, £1 19s. 6d. each; table cabinet, £48 15s.; planning desk, £14 4s. 5d. Harrods





*Beauty*

## That feathery bloom

WITH my thoughts wandering pleasantly down the flowery path of June roses, brides, weddings and true love, some lines came to mind from a little poem I once read called "Variation" by Zoe Akins. How, asks the girl in the poem, shall she know her true love.

Look in the mirror, should it show  
Your eyes more bright, your face aglow.

This is only part of the answer, but it is what I should like to think every June bride will see when she looks in her mirror on her wedding morning. Happiness and excitement will no doubt help to bring it about, but there is nothing like a little practical treatment for ensuring skin radiance and eye beauty.

Even a young skin has a way of failing to bloom at its best, every now and then. This may be due to unwise diet, or to indifferent cleansing, or a little general neglect. Getting overtired—which often happens before a wedding—can have an ill effect on the skin, and make it look dull and sallow.

THESE then, are points to watch. If there is any sign of little spots or pimples to mar the surface, *look to your diet*. Cut out the sweets and the starches, and stick to fruit, salads and plenty of green vegetables. This will be good for your figure too, and give slender lines for the wedding dress. Should a tiresome spot appear at the last moment, it can be effectively concealed with a handy little make-up stick called "Erace," made by Max Factor. It is as well to have one of these handy in case of emergency.

**TRAIN BAGS**, of cream coloured Luxan hide, fitted with two cream jars, two scent bottles, a large powder jar and a brush. Costing £22, they come from Debenham and Freebody



FOR THE TROUSSEAU, these "Lacet" white satin mules trimmed with lace and rosebuds, £5 5s., and Jacqmar "Wisley" scarf, £3 19s. 6d., both from Russell and Bromley

It is easy to say "don't get overtired," but difficult to prevent it, with all the wear and tear of pre-wedding preparations. Do try, however, to avoid too many late nights even if it means giving up a few parties. There is nothing—literally NOTHING—so beautifying as a good refreshing sleep. It restores the vitality, rests and brightens the eyes and brings colour to the cheeks. So, during the weeks before the wedding, get to bed early as often as you can.

As regards practical treatment, the best way of beautifying the skin, refining the texture, and making it velvety smooth, is to follow a simple daily routine. It need not take long (only a few minutes), but it must be done night and morning. If you follow it regularly, you should have no fears about how your complexion will look on your wedding day.

In the morning cleanse with a liquefying cleansing cream, and then wash with a good complexion soap and water. Follow this with a little gentle patting with mild skin tonic sprinkled on to a pad of cotton wool which has been wrung out in cold water. Pat on your foundation cream, or, if your skin is of the heavy, oily type, you can use a liquid foundation, then make-up as usual. At night, cleanse as before, then massage the face with a rich skin food if it is dry, and a lighter one if it is greasy. If of the dry type leave a little of the cream on all night, but if oily, wipe it off thoroughly, and go over the face with skin tonic so that every trace of grease is removed.

THIS is the outline for daily care, which, you will agree, could not be more simple. For any particular skin problems you will have to adopt special treatments. For open pores, for instance, I would advise using Helena Rubinstein's "Beauty Grains," which are wonderfully effective for closing them up and refining them. For a skin that is inclined to blemishes, you could not do better than treat it with a special lotion made by Cyclax. This should be painted on at night, according to the directions.

Best last-minute treatment for making the skin glow, is to give it a face mask. You can do this at home with a ready-made mask, but if you can spare the time, I suggest that you go to a beauty salon the day before the wedding, and let the experts do it for you. Apart from the benefit to the complexion, a professional facial is wonderfully relaxing, and all you have to do is to lie back while other people get on with the work. The odds are, that when the pads are placed over your eyes to refresh them, and you are left to rest while the mask dries, you will fall off to sleep. When you awake, it will be, I hope, to find

Your eyes more bright,  
Your face aglow.

—Jean Cleland



Miss Fiona Margaret Munro, only daughter of Sir Torquil and Lady Munro, of Lindertis, Kirriemuir, Angus, has announced her engagement to the Hon. Nicholas Henry Eno Hopkinson, only son of Lord Colyton and the late Mrs. Henry Hopkinson, of Netherton Hall, Farway, near Honiton



Pearl Freeman

## BRIDES TO BE

Miss Fynvola Susan Maclean, youngest daughter of Capt. J. C. Maclean, R.N. (Retd.), and Mrs. Maclean, of North Street, Chichester, and formerly of Fittleworth, is to marry Capt. James Murray Grant, Seaforth Highlanders, son of Lt.-Col. J. M. Grant, D.S.O., M.B.E., and Mrs. Grant, of The Lodge, Findhorn, Moray



Lenore

Right: Miss Elisabeth Anne Bowring Wimble, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Bowring Wimble, of Romany Ridge, North Chailey; Haywards Heath, is to marry Mr. Michael Godolphin Egerton, son of the late Capt. Francis Egerton and the late Hon. Mrs. Humphrey Seed, of Melbourne Hall, Melbourne, York

Left: Miss Patricia Jill Footring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Footring, of Hanover Gate Mansions, Regent's Park, is engaged to Mr. Rodney David Cole, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. William Cole, of Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1

In The TATLER of April 17 the engagement photographs of Miss Serena Mounsey and Miss Bronwen Lloyd were transposed. We apologize to both ladies for any annoyance caused them by this error

# Horrockses





**de Sales La Terrière—Speed.** Capt. Ian Cameron de Sales La Terrière, 11th Hussars, son of Major and Mrs. J. F. de Sales La Terrière, of Dunlastair, Perthshire, was married to Miss Sarah E. Speed, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Speed, of Upper Culham, Wargrave, Berks, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

**Stewart—Jarratt.** Mr. Graham Stewart, of Aberdeen, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stewart, of Glasgow, married Miss Patricia Elspeth Jarratt, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jarratt, of Pipers Close, Cobham, Surrey, at St. Andrew's Church, Cobham



**Harrap—Clark.** Mr. Robert C. H. Harrap, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Harrap, of Ashurst Wood, East Grinstead, Sussex, was recently married to Miss Anne Clark, who is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Clark, of Forest Row, Sussex, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Forest Row



**Abinger—Rivett-Carnac.** Lord Abinger, son of the late Lord Abinger, and of Lady Abinger, of Allen House, Kensington, W.8, married Miss Isla Carolyn Rivett-Carnac, only daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Rivett-Carnac, of Fornham House, Bury St. Edmunds, at St. Simon Zelotes, Lennox Gardens

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Campbell—King.** The marriage took place at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, Chelsea, of Mr. Ian Selby Torquil Campbell, son of Sir George and Lady Campbell, of Westcroft, Pyrford, Surrey, to Miss Rosemary D. Stuart King, elder daughter of Brig. H. T. S. King, of Castle Lane House, Wallingford, Berks



## DINING IN

# Crabs in May

TOWARDS the end of April, the summer fish begin to come into their own. Lobster and sole are all-the-year-round fish, but both are better in summer than in winter.

Crab is one shellfish which is not worth buying until April is ast. During May and June, however, it is very good indeed. lobsters, and to a lesser degree crabs, are rather "tricky" specimens. If, for instance, the lobster pot is "taken" too late to reach the market for Friday or Saturday morning and the lobster is kept alive until it can be shipped on Sunday for the Monday market, it does not feed during that time but simply lives on its own flesh, as any slimmer does.

When cooked, a prime lobster is fat; one out of condition is not, therefore, one buys a lobster and finds that the flesh is not tight up the shell, it can be taken that it has been "devouring itself." Crabs, a rule, are sent fairly quickly to market and this excessive slimming does not arise, but the flesh of crabs bought before May is what is termed "dry" instead of being succulent.

Please, then, young shoppers, make a mental note to wait a little longer before buying a crab, then weigh it (or lobster) in your hands, as one does a beautiful specimen of an orange. From the outward appearance of an orange, no one can assess its juiciness.

Another point: the hen crab has a much larger body than the cock, whose claws are bigger and meatier. The hen, too, has more meat and fat. So one's choice depends on whether one prefers more white flesh or more of the creamy liver and fat surrounding it. You can discern the hen by what I have always called the "flap." This is shorter and wider than that of the cock crab.

Now for serving crab, which is generally bought cooked. First, I prise off the claws and legs, grasp the body shell in one hand and, with the other hand opposite it, pull out the body. The rich fatty liver remains. Spoon this out and set it aside. Next, pick out the white meat from the body (a tedious business, but necessary as there is a lot of meat in this section). Discard the grey "fingers." Crack the claws and legs (I use an ordinary nut-cracker) and pick out the meat.

If the crab is to be served cold, in its shell (in the usual way of these islands), widen the opening by cutting out the inner rim with strong kitchen scissors.

Now for the presentation. Mix into the dark meat a tablespoon of fine fresh breadcrumbs. Gradually blend together 3 tablespoons of olive oil, one of vinegar, a tiny pinch of Cayenne pepper, and pepper and salt to taste. Beat into the dark meat as much of this as it will take, place on two sides of the shell's interior (which has first been rubbed with olive oil), leaving a space between them. Add the chopped white of a hard-boiled egg to the flaked white meat, pile into the shell, keeping the centre higher than the sides. Sieve the egg yolk on top and, if liked, sprinkle with chopped parsley. It is worth remembering, too, that a sprinkling of paprika adds a little to the appearance of the dish and not too much to the flavour.

—Helen Burke



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**DINING OUT*****A restaurant tour*****I. Bickerstaff**

SPRING is here, summer's on the way and so are the tourists from various parts of the world, in particular from the United States; and welcome they will be.

Letters from friends are starting to come in giving one information of people they know who are coming to London and staying at various hotels, frequently asking one to get in touch when they arrive, and give them the names of some good restaurants, clubs, and similar establishments. So here is Part I of a restaurant-roundabout of places where, if you take a little trouble, show interest in their service and their food, reserve your table in advance, and where possible plan your menu beforehand, you will get well treated. They range from the very expensive to the very reasonable—and remember that if you want to wine and dine well in London it is never cheap.

"C.S." means "Closed on Sundays."

AU JARDIN DES GOURMETS, 5 Greek Street, W.1. Gerrard 1816. First class French cuisine and a fine wine list, where you can sit in comfort. C.S.

THE BACON AND EGG, GRILL AND CHEESE, Cornerhouse, Coventry Street, W.1. Gerrard 7431. These are both outstanding value for money; first class food, well served; excellent wines by the glass.

THE WIMPY HAMBURGER HEAVEN, Cornerhouse, Coventry Street, W.1. On the ground floor will delight American visitors as it does the natives.

BROMPTON GRILL, 243 Brompton Road, S.W.3. Kensington 8005. Continental cuisine to West End standards in Kensington. Open from 6 p.m. on Sundays.

BENTLEY'S, Swallow Street, W.1. Regent 0401. Oysters, seafood, soles and lobsters of the highest quality and wines to match, with the Bentley Brothers much in evidence. C.S.

CHATEAUBRIAND RESTAURANT, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W.1. Mayfair 7777. Beautifully decorated, smart bar, revolving spit grill, expensive and good.

CHEZ CLEO, 11 Harrington Gardens, S.W.7. Fremantle 4477. All very French including the music; a gay place with plenty of atmosphere.

CAFÉ DE PARIS, 3 Coventry Street, W.1. Gerrard 2036. Put on your dinner jacket and dine and dance; the cabaret is world famous.

CAPRICE, Arlington Street, W.1. Hyde Park 5154. First class and fashionable. C.S.

COLONY, Berkeley Square, W.1. Mayfair 1657. If you want to wine, dine and dance and watch a cabaret, here's the place where you can do it to a high standard. C.S.

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The TATLER and Bystander, MAY 1, 1957

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[Continued on page 292]

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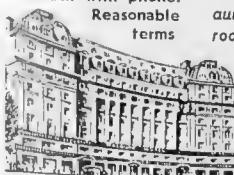
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## Motoring

# POCKET-SAVING CARS

*Oliver Stewart*

**M**INIMUM motoring came in with the rigours of petrol rationing. But it will not go out as fuel becomes freer and cheaper. It has established itself as an attractive form of motoring in its own right. I propose to discuss it here, basing my opinions upon a personal trial. Let me first define minimum motoring.

It is motoring with the least amount of motor car. The vehicle must be very small and very simple. It must demand little maintenance or other attention. It must use little petrol and little oil. It must be of low first cost. For my trial I selected the Lloyd 600 and with the aid of Fairman and Sons of Horley I obtained instant delivery of one of these small cars.

It fulfils all the requirements. The engine has the fewest practical number of cylinders, that is two. It is air cooled. It has the least transmission, for it uses front drive through a three-speed gearbox. It also has the advantage of being a fairly advanced piece of engineering, with an overhead camshaft engine and blower-cum-cowl cooling. Suspension is independent all round.

**T**HE Lloyd 600 could take four people, but it begins to become cramped if more than two are carried. The sliding seats give two people ample room and it is best regarded as a two-three seater. It is of small overall dimensions so that those who try so desperately to generate hatred for motorists on the grounds that they take up a great deal of road area have no case. The steering (rack and pinion) is high geared and light. Before disposing of the Lloyd, I did 750 miles in it and I think that, in this way, I obtained a fair idea of the scope of minimum motoring.



The Lloyd 600, a recent addition to the small car brigade

First, for short journeys with a great deal of traffic work—in London or Birmingham or Manchester—the little car is almost perfect. It is able to move about among the traffic with freedom that is outside the scope of the full size or the large car. It can be parked in places which will accommodate no other vehicle. It is, in short, supremely handy.

And the fact that it is air-cooled, and in other ways simplified as much as possible, means that it demands little attention

**M**Y experience is that, for all running where the distance to be covered at one swoop is 50 miles or less, it is all that can be desired. But it is right also to say that it becomes tiring on long runs. The Lloyd seemed to me to be a tough little car and I do not mean that there need be doubts about trustworthiness. But the whine of the blower becomes tiring and the ride is not smooth.

It is a basic fact of existence that, other things being equal, the heavier car will generally give the smoother ride. The vehicle mass plays its part. Ingenuity in design minimizes the difference and a good little car is not much rougher than a big car. But the difference exists and is one of the reasons which makes the little car tiring if non-stop runs of 150 miles plus are often made.

The Lloyd costs less than £600. I did not obtain the fuel consumption claimed by the manufacturers—fifty-four miles to the gallon—but my figure was not much worse than this and I was making no attempt to drive economically.

**I**T was exhilarating to see someone in authority making a vigorous comment on the way motorists are treated today when the Royal Automobile Club's diamond jubilee exhibition was opened. I am sorry to say that many of those who are supposed to speak up for the motorist are all too friendly with those officials and others who desire nothing better than to see the motorist driven off the roads. The courageous one, who dared to speak out was no less a person than Mr. Wilfrid Andrews, chairman of the R.A.C.

**F**INALLY I must add a note about the Wolseley "Fifteen Hundred." I hope to deal with this car at length in a future issue and I am referring to it now in order to give the broad facts only. This car is a four-door 1½-litre saloon with a claimed top speed of about eighty miles an hour. Another claim made by the Nuffield Organization is a fuel consumption figure of forty miles to the gallon without holding down the speed. The price, with purchase tax included, is £758 17s. Twenty-four different colour combinations of body and upholstery are available. The gear lever is centrally disposed.

The double white line "experiment" has begun, and no doubt many readers have already driven in places where the marking has been done. But as the method has been in use on the Continent for years, it hardly qualifies as an "experiment." The Continental road authorities should surely be able to tell our own authorities whether it is worth while or not.



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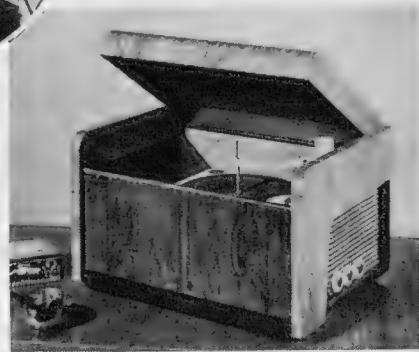
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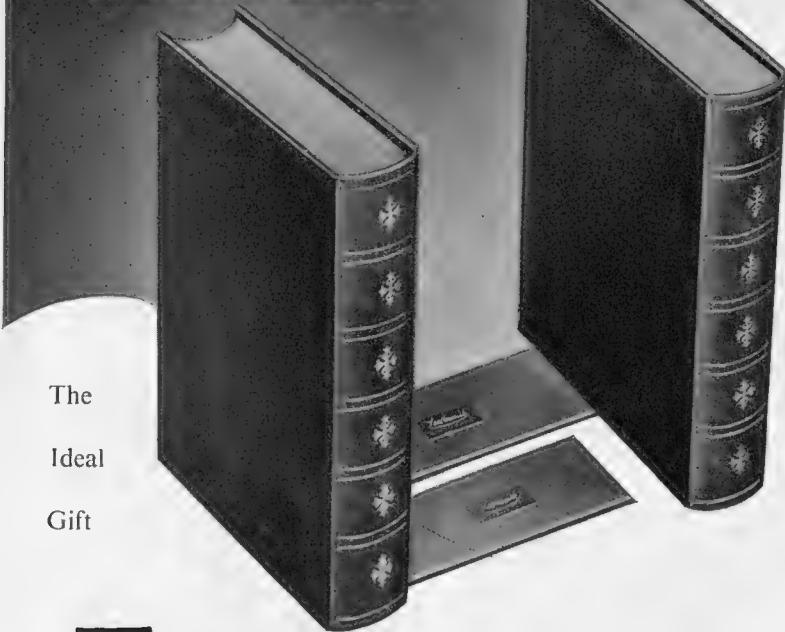


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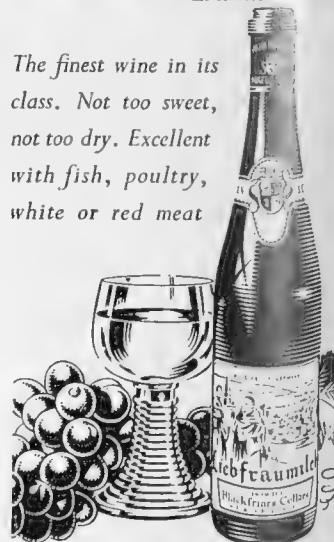
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to any main course



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LABEL

The finest wine in its  
class. Not too sweet,  
not too dry. Excellent  
with fish, poultry,  
white or red meat



At your Wine Merchant's  
**S. F. & O. HALLGARTEN**  
1, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.3.



How odd. This happy lady with the roses  
writes novels with titles like  
*More Work For The Undertaker...*  
*The Fashion in Shrouds...*  
*Tiger in the Smoke. Yes...*

Yes... it is Margery Allingham! If you were to look in at her beautiful house in Essex, you might find her hard at work on chapter nineteen, but you wouldn't find her in tears or moodily firing a revolver.

And if there were something to celebrate, such as your visit, or her birthday, or a nibble from a film company — why, she'd offer you Martini.

Real Martini, with the unique Martini flavour. Martini from a Martini bottle. Shall we all? What do you say, Miss Allingham?

**Better drink**

**MARTINI**

**Sweet or Dry**



CHAPTER 10

**"GROW ROSES WELL"**  
 is the title of a booklet in colour by  
 B.B.C. Gardening Expert Percy Thrower,  
 available on request to *Booklet*,  
 Cussons, 84 Brook St, London W1.  
 To avoid delay use the form  
 in the 3-tablet box. Please send 2d stamp.

CRIMSON GLORY



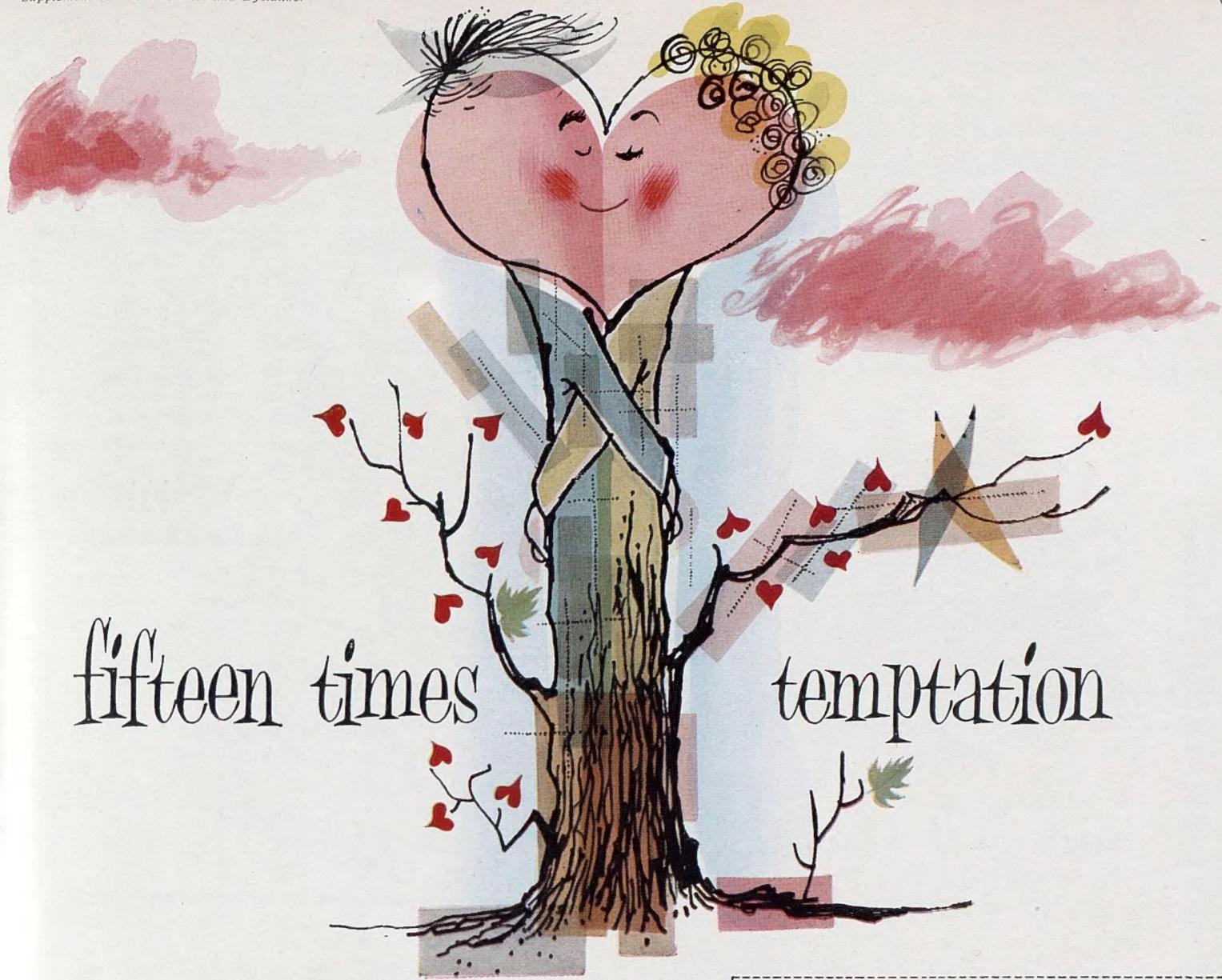
A rose petal complexion is the natural heritage of every woman.  
 To keep and guard it, a *clever* woman relies on the bland deep  
 cleansing lather of Imperial Leather Soap. Her reward is the  
 youthful beauty of a skin like an English Rose.

**Cussons**  
**IMPERIAL LEATHER**  
 Luxury Toilet and Bath Soaps



LUXURY THAT LASTS

MATCHING TALCUM POWDER 3/- BATH CUBES 3/6 BOX OF SIX AND THE FAMOUS MEN'S TOILET LUXURIES

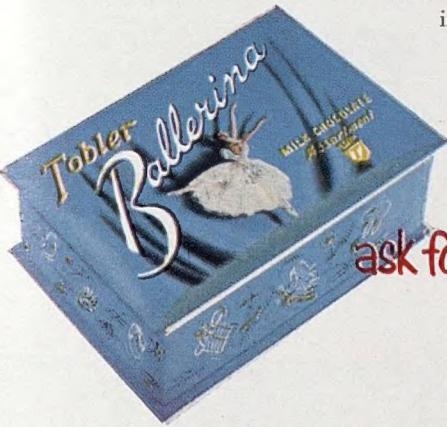


Each, quite  
irresistibly, by Tobler

Temptation by Tobler . . .  
temptation in the shape of fifteen deliciously different centres.

A hazelnut praline, mellow as only Jamaica Rum can make it. A luscious almond fudge. A cream smooth and subtle with the elusive flavour of crushed walnuts.

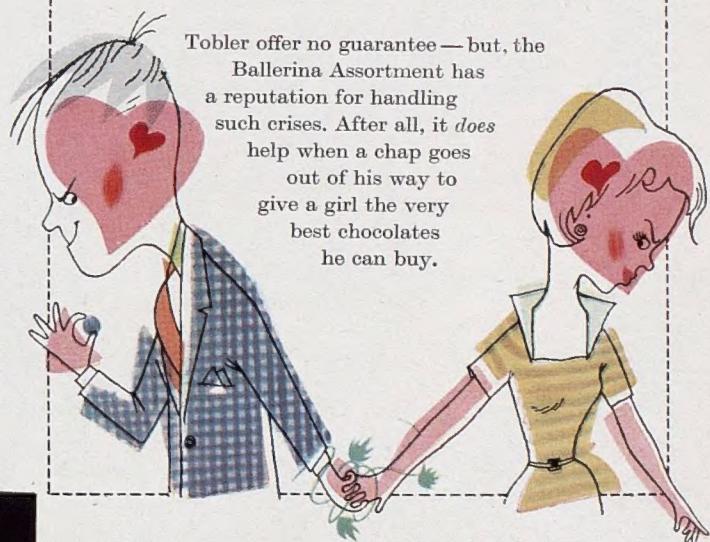
These and more you will find in every box of Tobler Ballerina. Each snuggles deep in the smoothest of smooth milk chocolate. Each, in its unique way, is so good that simply choosing can bring long moments of delight.



ask for

**Tobler**  
*Ballerina*  
CHOCOLATES

If he and she should disagree . . .



Tobler offer no guarantee — but, the Ballerina Assortment has a reputation for handling such crises. After all, it *does* help when a chap goes out of his way to give a girl the very best chocolates he can buy.



PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS • THEATRE  
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Arranging a party or a banquet?  
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Look for this label  
 which distinguishes

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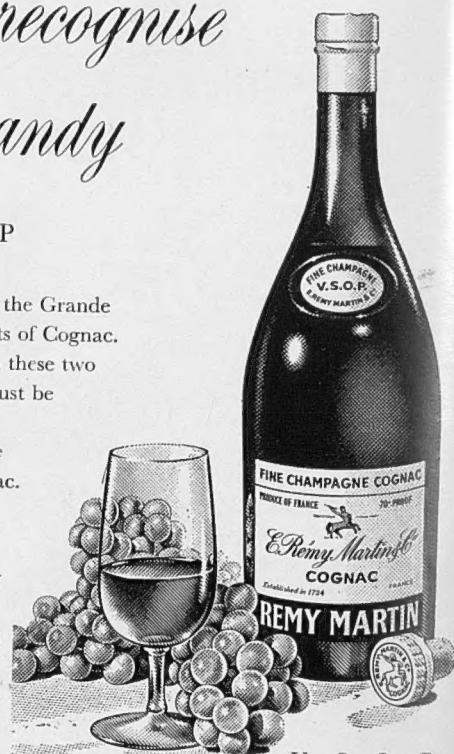
Klosterkeller is imported by  
 GRIERSON, OLDHAM & CO. LTD.  
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### How to recognise fine Brandy

V. S. O. P

The finest brandy comes from the Grande and Petite Champagne districts of Cognac. Only Cognac originating from these two areas, at least half of which must be from the Grande Champagne, is entitled by French law to be called Fine Champagne Cognac.

Remy Martin produce Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Cognac and *nothing less good*. They only offer for sale Brandy which has reached perfection. That is why when you insist on Remy Martin you can be sure of getting a *really fine Cognac*.



V. S. O. P

PRIDE OF COGNAC

# REMY MARTIN



Every piece of Paul stainless steel and aluminium kitchen equipment is always made to that same high standard of British engineering that has won world-wide admiration.

The sinks are completely sound-deadened—drawers run in and out on stainless steel slides: nothing rattles or rusts when made by Paul.

ILLUSTRATED ABOVE . . . is an addition to the famous Paul family—Paul Dalewood Range—beautiful units with wooden cabinets made to the same traditional standard. Available in many modern, single or two-tone colours with flat working tops in stainless steel, Formica or Warerite.

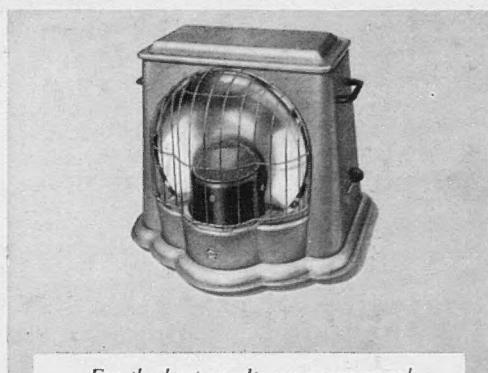
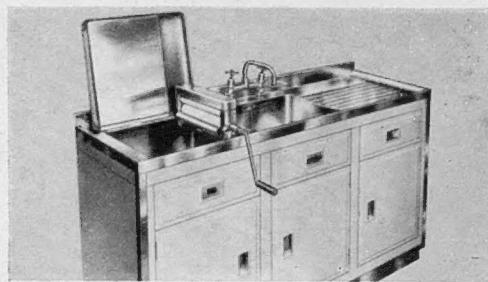
RIGHT . . . Paul Wash Wonder, a double or single sink unit with a wonderful built-in electric washing machine complete with heater and wringer.

RIGHT . . . Paul Warma paraffin heater produces intense radiant and convected heat which can be adjusted to the degree of warmth required. Efficient. Economical. Portable.

Send for our coloured leaflets and kitchen planning chart.

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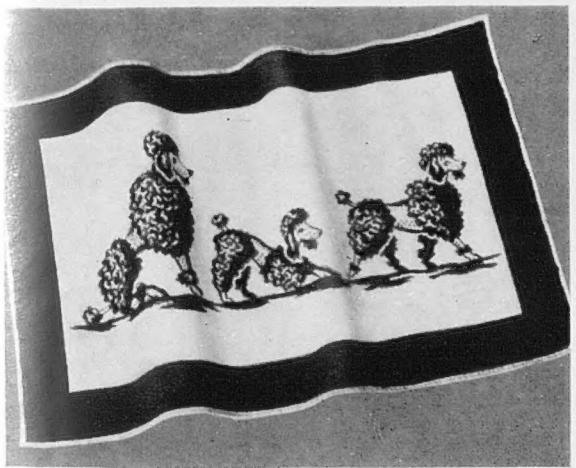
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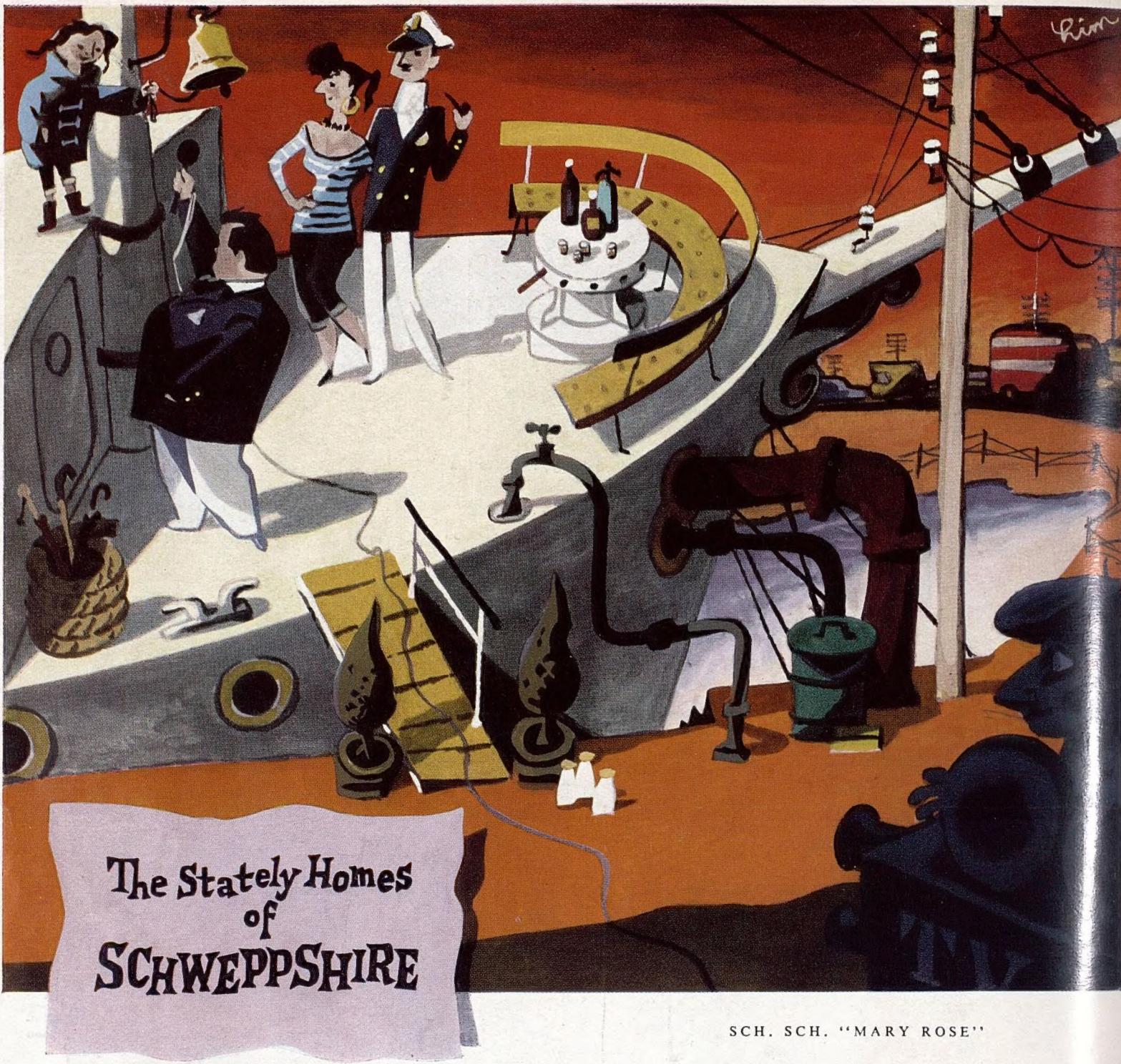
'PENSHURST'  
£29.15.0  
Settee to match  
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SCH. SCH. "MARY ROSE"

For those whose blood is salt with the tang of the sea and whose pulse quickens at the sniff of pitch or tarpaulin and the savour of good hemp, home is on the water, and if possible actually floating.

Visit with us the boat, or rather craft — a keel-lined gaffy with double-reefed jiffer — of Mr. and Mrs. Oakley Cornsalad, tethered just off Blackspot By-pass in a reedy nook the Reclamation Overflow, well out of the stream of the factory effluent.

T.V.'d in "Keyhole Camera" as the only all-aquatic couple drawing 2½ ft. of water, Mr. "Jack" Cornsalad proudly showed off his "Yellowcrome" stainless steel ship's bell (rung by clockwork cuckoo emerging from miniature crow's nest), the strong smell of tar (or something very like it), real rope in permanently ship-shape coils (stuck on with Yo-ho), a sail locker with a sort of sail or something in it, and a portrait of Captain Cook in the maid's bedroom.

Pleasing detail (*see inset*). Every morning (two bells) Mr. Cornsalad takes a bearing, plots course, and proves that his position is exactly 16½ sea miles East North East by East of Lot's Road Power Station.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by George Him



SCHWEPPER VESCIENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH